THE FORUM
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THE KEY

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

MRS. NEVILLE looked round nervously, then with satisfaction. The room had an air of home, of restfulness and quiet happiness; there were fresh flowers in the bowls; a low tea-table, with dainty lace-edged tablecloth, was placed near her chair; a log, little blue flames leaping from it now and again, was on the fire; the curtains were drawn, and silk-shaded lamps shed a soft pinky radiance that added to the general air of comfort. She went up to a glass, hung low beneath the high white bookshelf and the sofa-back, and that, too, gave her pleasure; it showed that she was looking her best. She wore a teagown of a gray-blue color not easy to define, with lace that hung in little folds about her neck and sleeves. Her fair hair was wound round her head, the clear eyes shone with more light than usual, a smile flitted about her lips. If she was not exactly pretty she looked refined, not without individuality, and like a woman whom a man might trust in all relations of life.

She sat down and waited for her husband. Perhaps, after all, he wouldn't come. He had been different for months, for more than a year; in fact, ever since that night at the Carter-Robinsons'. Madame Veronet—obviously the name was an assumed one—had been there; a dark, handsome woman, who was understood to be somebody distinguished, a genius lying low, or a martyr, a something, anyhow, that made her arresting and mysterious; it added to her beauty, it turned the rustle of her faintly perfumed garments into a suggestion of far-off music and gave a magnetism to her voice that held the listener; but whether it repelled or fascinated was uncertain. She had seemed to take,

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as a matter of course, the centre of the room that night, to sit enthroned while the rest gathered round and hung upon her words. After much persuasion she had sung one or two queer little songs that no one had heard before; very old songs she told them, for she loved old things; then, turning from the piano suddenly, still sitting by it, she had talked in a semi-mystical way that was half-poetic, or her personality made it sound poetic. The past and the future, she said, were the gates of the world, the gate into it and out of it, and between them we could only grope and wonder and experiment, seeking the key; but it was wonderful to make the experiments—with life, with people, with courageous deeds, and strange doings; for whether they were good or ill it was possible thus to change the whole order of things, perhaps of the universe itself.

Mrs. Neville had been half-afraid of her. In one strange moment she found herself trying to trace Madame Veronet's pedigree back to the time of the Biblical legends. She felt as if this woman with the strange eyes and voice full of memories had knowledge of them, belonged to them; she could imagine her wandering up and down the streets of ancient Babylon; and she made her own manner a little distant so that it should be difficult to start an acquaintance. Luckily Madame Veronet almost ignored her; but she fastened upon Robert and talked to him about old prints, of which he knew nothing, though he tried not to betray it. He offered to give her an introduction to a collector, an authority on the subject, who might help her.

"You must take me to see him," she had whispered.

"When?"

She looked at him. A resolution seemed to take hold of her, a recognition; she spoke to no one else for the rest of the evening.

Quite openly he saw her two or three times afterwards, but she made no attempt at further acquaintance with his wife. She lived in old-fashioned rooms overlooking the river "and the ships that go on to far-off countries," Mrs. Neville had heard her say, "great ships that look so wise and secret."

He went to see her, for he described some of her possessions, and talked a good deal about her for a little while. Then he

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was silent, his lips seemed to be locked; but Mrs. Neville felt that the strange woman was constantly in his thoughts or making demands upon his time, and an undefined jealousy took possession of her, till, since she saw and heard no sign of any intimacy nor even of maintained acquaintance, she gradually came to the unconscious conclusion that he had forgotten the seductive lady in the excitement of a book he was writing. She supposed it was the book that made him so preoccupied, that caused him to be out so much looking up references and talking over difficult points with specialists; he told her it was, and she never dreamt of doubting him. Sometimes it occurred to her that the excuses were given reluctantly or forced, but she knew that it was indiscreet to worry a man or to ask questions. He wrote his book at the office, or at the rooms he had had before his marriage and sub-let to a friend, who, when going abroad, had offered him the use of them. He told her that it was quiet there, and he could write best in his old surroundings, with no chance of interruption from what he called the usual world.

Thus, for months now, Florence Neville had sat at home, lonely, isolated, wondering uneasily how the future would shape itself. She had been married five years and borne no child. She had felt that her history was complete, that all the main incidents in it had happened, and there was nothing more to come. Robert was living an intellectual life, or she supposed him to be doing so, but she had no share in that. She was educated, moderately accomplished, but not clever; there was no well of originality in her, and nothing interested her keenly apart from Robert. She loved him very truly and evenly, but without excitement; and this last year, in which she saw that he was content, wrapped up in his own thoughts and pursuits, resignation as well as disappointment had taken possession of her.

Then suddenly something occurred that dazed and hypnotized her. She remembered Madame Veronet's remark about the gates of the world, and knew that she was reaching out to the key that unlocked one of them. She said nothing, but it changed her altogether at heart, and had its effect outwardly. Her husband noticed it at last, suddenly one morning, and stared at her mystified.

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"What has happened to you?" he asked. "Are you well?"

"I'm quite well—but I wish you would come home more," she added, almost as an entreaty. "I never see you now—and I want you." The entreaty ended with a smile that puzzled while it reassured him.

"I have been doing the book."

"I know." She waited a moment before she went on. "I wish we could go away again, as we did before, to the country—could we—could we—just as we did before?" she repeated. In the early summer she had been ill, or looked ill, and on an impulse he had offered to take her away for a week-end. In the country he had been her lover again, shamefaced, but her lover, and the week-end had stretched itself into four days, the only time they had been thrown together all through the year; for in the holidays he had gone abroad with a friend who wanted to do some camping out, he said, and to rough it in a manner that would make a delicate woman an encumbrance.

"The country would be awfully damp just now," he answered evasively; "but look here, I'll come home early to-day, to tea if I can, and we'll have an evening together." Hence the flowers, and the teagown, and the muffins that had just been brought in and set in a covered dish on the brass footman.

Twenty minutes past five. The log had smouldered away, and he had not come. The little clock chimed—one-two, one-two—half-past. She lighted the spirit-lamp under the kettle and made some tea, thinking that perhaps it would act as a spell and bring him. Five-and-twenty to six. The door opened, a smile came to her lips.

Then the servant announced: "Madame Veronet."

Mrs. Neville was taken aback; for a moment she had no words. The woman who entered was extraordinarily handsome, her eyes were full of life, her dark hair, soft and fluffy, was pulled across the broad forehead, making the face more oval than it was naturally. She was beautifully dressed in velvet and furs, a fur cap on her head, with the thinnest possible veil, pulled up and voluminous so that it suggested a sort of halo about her head. She wore a bunch of lilies of the valley in front of her

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dress, and the perfume from them wandered for a moment toward the fireplace.

"You didn't expect to see me?" She stood still, as if to let the picture she made be fully realized.

"No; it is—a surprise. Won't you sit down?"

The visitor sank into a chair on the other side of the fireplace with an air of relief, as if she had accomplished so much of a task, or a purpose that she had set about with eagerness but knew to be difficult.

Mrs. Neville remembered her duties as hostess, and let her hand rest on the teapot handle for a moment.

Madame Veronet smiled, a comprehensive smile that seemed to take in the whole history of the woman she looked at. "I thought I had better come," she said in a deep, rich voice, in which somewhere there lurked just a shade of amusement tempered with fear. "I think you will see it was wise."

"Yes?"

"It would have been difficult to write. No, I don't want any tea; I came to talk, to tell you something."

"Yes?"

There was a moment's silence.

"I am going to have a child by your husband." She watched the effect of her words as a wild animal hidden in ambush might watch its prey.

Mrs. Neville's hand fell to her side; she stared at her visitor as if from a dream.

"I'm going to have a child by your husband," Madame Veronet repeated. "You heard?"

"Yes, I heard," came the dazed voice, "but——"

"You never had one; you never will now, of course."

Mrs. Neville rose and stood transfixed, for a moment paralyzed. "Why have you come to me?" she managed to say at last.

"I thought it the best thing to do." Then, as if she felt that her position was one that nothing could disturb, Madame Veronet went on: "The real marriage between a man and a woman is only accomplished when the child comes."

"Yes," Mrs. Neville said in a low voice. She put her hand

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across her eyes for a moment, and supported herself against the mantelpiece.

"It is quite true, quite true." A smile wandered over the dark face, the voice seemed to belong to another world and to have knowledge that was far beyond the listener. "Oh, it's wonderful!" she said, with a sigh that was freighted with happiness. "In four months it will be born—his life and mine, forever together, welded into one human being, our creation—the symbol of marriage that has never been yours." She hesitated for a moment, then added quickly: "You must see now that your hold on him is gone? That is why I came."

There was no answer.

"I knew he wouldn't tell you—that he would be afraid of your being sentimental and not understanding. But I want you to realize that sentiment is ridiculous and cruel, petty and niggling. It is great passion that sweeps the world along, the passion of women who love—as you never will in your whole life."

"You are very wicked, and it is you who are cruel," Florence said slowly, still staring half-stupefied at her visitor. "It is dreadful that you should be allowed to live."

Madame Veronet shook her head impatiently.

"That is what I mean by the niggling way of looking at things. He knew you would take it." The passion in the voice took the insolence from her words. "It does no good; it only worries and delays and brings lingering vexations. Take the wide view of it; see things as they are, and act——"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to divorce him."

"Oh!"

"It can never be undone. The memory of the fact that I'm bearing him a child can never be taken from him, or you, or me. It's no good your clinging to him, cool and limpid and undesired, though he will be sorry for you and kind to you. Why should you mar our lives—his and mine? I love him, and give him more in an hour, as the sun does, than you could, than the moon could, in a lifetime. Why should you deprive him of it? At first he only amused me, but now I see the possibilities in him and the dawn of what I shall make him. With you he would be

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nothing—commonplace, bored, and respectable, one of many thousands. Why should you prevent him from living the life that may be his with what I can put into it? And then there is the child."

"You will have that. Why do you want him, too?"

"He is mine already, and the child will be his. But I want the world to know it, to see us together. Think what it would be if some day his—his son, I hope"—she raised her head, and the smile that came to her lips made her beauty glorious for a moment—"his son had to explain, to account for, the name that will be his by the highest right of all. You have given your husband no child. Why should a slur be cast on one borne him by another woman?"

"But he married me."

"And now you should divorce him, in gratitude for the chance he gave you, that you were not able to seize, the possibility of life you were not great enough to grasp, as well as for the sake of the child you were not able to bear."

"You don't seem to think of me."

"You? No, I think of the odds. On this side"—she had risen and put out her hand—"one woman, without the power that I have, or that he has lying dormant in him and I am awakening; on the other, he and I and the child—his and mine. Why should we—we three—have to forgo the greatest happiness of life for your sake—for you whose blood is not even set on fire by what I have told you now?"

She waited a moment, but Florence seemed dazed.

"In your place I should have flown at the woman's throat and strangled her long before she had said a quarter of what I have said."

"What would be the good of that?"

"Good! Great Heaven, that you should ask! Is there no fire in you, no divine stir at all? Accept your fate, woman, as the moon does when the sun rises, as the gray morning does when the sun shines and noon is coming." She had talked in a mystical, meaningless fashion of sun and moon and great immensities, and the merging of time in one great forever-present, at the Carter-Robinsons' that night.

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Florence remembered it now as if it were a nightmare to which this was a sequel, but still she made no sign. "Did Robert send you to me?" she asked.

"No; I've told you that already."

"He will be here directly; he said he would come home by half-past five. I should like you to go away. I shall not divorce him."

"You will not be so cruel as to refuse—so selfish?"

"It is you who have been cruel and selfish. You will bring a child into the world with the stamp of shame upon it. I shouldn't think of divorcing him; it would be shifting the penalty from you to me. If people do wrong they have to suffer."

"Wrong!" Madame Veronet exclaimed, with infinite scorn, and looked at her in wonder. Then suddenly: "Do you want the child to suffer?"

"It will be your punishment," came the slow answer. "I shouldn't think of divorcing him; it would disgrace him."

"Great God, are you human?"

For a moment Florence felt as if her life were at stake, as if the woman before her were some beautiful beast from the jungle, reincarnated. The white teeth showed, the hands moved restlessly inside the muff; they might have been hidden claws. It wanted courage to stand and face her. She was afraid to speak.

"You will have to do it," Madame Veronet went on in a low tone, hard and determined; "you shall, or I will follow you wherever you go, and one day when no one suspects it I will kill you. You needn't think you will escape, or that you can prevent it. You had better take it quietly and go. You are not wanted in his life, nor in the world; it has no use for you. Set him free, and let the distance swallow you up, the refuse of the universe, the useless and incapable; they are worse a thousand times than criminals, who have at least energy and capacity. You could be stamped out so easily, without trace being left of you anywhere; you have no part, no share in the world, nor in anything that has to be done."

"I will never give him up to you, you might kill him. I should be afraid; and you might bear him more children to grow

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up and be like you." She shuddered at the thought. "I will save him from that."

Then the door opened, and Robert Neville entered. He stood petrified, looking from one to the other.

"Irene," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I came to tell her. I knew you would shirk it." She looked at Florence contemptuously. "She knows now and everything it means."

"I should like to talk it over alone with you, Robert," came the calm voice. "Tell her to go away."

"Yes, of course, you must go." He turned firmly to the interloper.

"I have said what I have to say, and she knows." She smiled at his set face, gathered her furs about her throat, and went to the door.

"You will come to me in the morning?" she asked in a soft, caressing voice, and looked at him as if she had ceased to be aware of the other woman's existence.

He nodded for answer.

"Not to-night——" She lingered, as if there were something to add.

He made an impatient movement. "I will let you out," he said, and followed her downstairs.

When he returned his wife had sat down again on one side of the fireplace. She looked calm and collected. Her hands were in her lap, her eyes turned toward him with mild inquiry. He hesitated by the door for a moment, then crossed the room and took the chair facing her.

"You didn't know she was coming?"

He shook his head. "I beg you to believe that I am not responsible for that."

"Is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"That she is going to have a child by you?"

He nodded for answer.

"Is she a widow?"

He shook his head. "Her husband divorced her."

"She wants me to divorce you now."

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Again he nodded. And then, as an afterthought, he added moodily: "It's the only thing to do, I suppose."

"I shouldn't dream of it," she said slowly. "The child would belong to a woman who had been divorced by her husband and a man who had been divorced by his wife. It would be dreadful when it grew up and found out——"

He interrupted a little distantly with: "We should take care of that."

She quailed at the "we." A picture of them, of him and her together, rose vaguely before her eyes and vanished. "You can't be sure that this child is yours?"

He turned upon her quickly. "That is an infamous thing to say."

"Her husband couldn't trust her, why should you?"

"I know it is mine," he answered doggedly.

"She was faithless to her husband, why should she be faithful to you?"

"The circumstances are different. I repeat that I know it is mine, and I don't want it to be nameless."

"She ought to go away and hide with it. It may be like her—can't you let her go? She might give you more children who would grow up to be cruel and wicked as she is. I don't think she belongs to this part of the world, Robert. I felt as if she had come out of a jungle in which she had once been a tigress."

He poked the fire impatiently. "You are thinking of the stuff she talked that night at the Carter-Robinsons'. She was only joking; it's all nonsense, utter nonsense."

"It's not nonsense. I think she remembers many strange things—dreadful things," she shuddered, "and that, for once, I know better than you—and more." She raised her head. The light from the silk-shaded lamp fell upon her face, softening and beautifying every feature. Her eyes looked large and clear, as if they had knowledge—and guarded a mystery. She gave him a curious sense of distance, of inevitability, kind, calm, but relentless, holding the secret of his future in her hands—small hands, thin and not very white, folded together—a riddle that could only be solved when she, not he, chose. It was useless to struggle, yet still he went on.

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"I have wanted children. Not to have them may mean annihilation. In them lies a chance of going on, of immortality." His voice had been almost excited; it dropped suddenly, as if he realized the sting in his words. "It has been a great disappointment to me not having any," he added lamely.

"It is better to be without than to have them by a woman like that, or——"

"Or to have them by a man like me, you were going to say."

"I didn't think that till just now."

"You know we should never have any. It has been a trouble to you, too, I know."

"We have only been married five years," she said in a low voice. She turned her face toward the fire, then quickly a little further round still to the back of her chair; "and—and——" A low sound of pain, of agony, escaped her, as if it had been forced from lips that had not been strong enough to hold it in. Then for one moment she looked at him and hid her face.

In a flash he knew.

"Flo!" He rose to his feet and put out his hands. "Oh, my God! You mean—you mean——?" He went a step nearer.

"Don't touch me," she shuddered; "it makes it worse—so much worse. To think that you could—that you could! It was why I asked you to take me to the country again. I wanted to tell you there."

His lips refused to speak, but one hand reached out toward her shoulder.

She recoiled, she seemed paralyzed with terror. "You mustn't touch me." Her voice had a stifled cry in it, in her eyes was an expression of horror she could not help, but that was wholly devoid of anger. Shrinking from him, she rose and slowly left the room.

He had no power to move a step.

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PILGRIMS OF ETERNITY

Ferdinand Earle

I

And the evening and the morning were the first day

WHO art thou, pilgrim with love's wistful face,
Whose eyes of wonder-laden gray explore
The passport to my heart's despondent core,
As if to know my spirit's native shore?
Turn not away, dear Palmer; pace by pace
Our paths commingle—aye, perchance retrace
Some enterprise through immemorial space,
From star to star toward God in worlds of yore.

Nay—hide the errant beauty of thine eyes,
Their wild enchantment hide; nor yet allow
The rose of June on April's snowy brow,
Lest in the moment of divine surprise,
In answer to thy silence and my sighs,
Our ravished souls breathe Hymen's deathless vow.

II

Thou art fairer than the children of men

Wake, wake thy dreaming heart from winter's swoon
And start young April's flowers upon love's quest,
With ardent sighs and sunshine in thy breast
To chase the brooding darkness from its nest.
Thy damask mouth is like a dusky moon
That shall in highest heaven grant love's boon;
Thine eyes are mystic altars lily-strewn,
Or vestal fires of passion unconfessed.

O sovereign Spirit, thou shalt share with me
Each antique gem of this, our new-found treasure:
Thy crown of love is starred with diamond pleasure,
With golden peace and the pearl of piety,
And with an opal's flame, the ecstasy
And ache of wedded work and wedded leisure.

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III

Let us put on the armor of light

Like a bewildered moth about a flame
My happy spirit flits about thy heart
Transported by the wild, unyielding smart
Of loveliness, that, as a fiery dart,
Has pierced my quivering soul. And yet we aim
To soar to love's empyrean, and claim
Those eyrie peaks all passionless, whose name
Is writ in silver stars on Heaven's chart.

With pinions steeped in slumber's picture-haze
I faint of sudden sweetness . . . now arise
Through folded petals—(magical surprise!)—
Thou Rose, to hoard thy pollen, mute with praise,
To sip the sparkling nectar of thy gaze,
To cull love's blossom budding in thine eyes!

IV

Set me as a seal upon thine heart

In lowly awe my body weddeth thine
Kneeling at Hymen's altar, where we share
The sacramental rapture and declare
Love's hallowed rite. There, priestlike, we unbare
The burning Cup, and serve God's Bread and Wine,
And lift the Grail within Love's inmost shrine:
O breathless ecstasy of depths divine,
O mystic eloquence of nuptial prayer!

Cloud-temple—carved upon the marble air
And pillared with bright fragments of a dream,
Mirrored upon the sky's baptismal stream
That laves the night in glory, golden, rare—
Our pilgrim spirits climb thy radiant stair
Bathed in our heavenly joy's prophetic beam.

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V

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies

Thy darkling eyes, Belovèd, bud and close;
Thy clinging kiss is thorn and rose's bloom;
And tenderly thy blushes glow and gloom
(Dim miracle of life within the womb!)
Sweet are love's aching joys and honeyed woes,
The hushed caress and tremulous repose;
Sweet is the breath that through me wells and flows:
Ah, bitter-sweet, Life's prophecy, Life's doom!

Belovèd, we have fasted on the crust
Of meek forbearance. Fear not we may drain
Love's all-sufficing Chalice and profane
Our God, trailing His ermine wings in lust.
But let thy wild heart cry our cherished trust—
"Pregnant thou art, if prayer be not in vain!"

VI

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee

Dream-child! O nameless Joy, tumultuous Hope
With wonder-eyes of gladness and despair:
Our thunder-shaken hearts still hardly dare
Utter wild syllables of silent prayer;
Among dim future stars our senses grope
To probe the secret of thine horoscope
And spell on midnight's hieroglyphic slope
Thy shining fate, thou, Rapture's mystic heir.

Still shalt thou hide love's purpose two and seven
Refulgent moons beneath a passion-flower,
Thy mother's heart—that wondrous lily-bower
Watered with tears: until thy soul leaves Heaven
Wrapped in life's lesser majesty, to leaven
Our anxious years with the rapture of that hour.

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VII

I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heavens, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore

Thou pygmy Wanderer! The dark hours fling
Dawn's golden gates ajar to welcome thee;
And harken, solemn music wakes the sea,
As if the mighty breast breathed audibly
Unto the stars. It is a ghostly thing
To hear the silent mountains echoing
The human joy and human suffering
Low-trumpeted in birth's triumphant cry.

Sharing thy trembling mother's vague alarms,
Dear Symbol of the love she worshippeth,
Lo, chanting angels bow to breathe her breath.
But wherefore weep God's messengers? What harms
Thy mother, Infant snatched by eager arms
From perilous tides that flow 'twixt life and death?

VIII

For this shall the world mourn, and the heavens above be black

How still, thy reverie! Wouldst thou relieve
Mine anguish, smiling in thy dreams, as though
Betrothed to some bright fate? Too well I know
Our common agony, our voiceless woe:
Each for the other bowed in grief, we cleave
Together, as deep rivers interweave
Their waters, wedded in one stream, and grieve
Lest death divide their single ebb and flow.

Hark how the warring white-mailed winter shakes
Our shelter as he storms across the skies
With battling legions. Hear'st thou not his cries?
Then hear the thunder of a heart that breaks . . .
O God! Speak! Silence rushes in and takes
Thy body captive. Death smiles in thine eyes.

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IX

From the end of the earth shall I cry unto thee

O constant Heart, what vulturous terrors thieve
Upon thy woe; what ghostly gallows-tree
Troubles thine ever green Gethsemane?
Is there no swift escape from memory,
No kind oblivion plucking at my sleeve
To spin out passion's scarlet web, and weave
Peace on the loom of Calvary, to cleave
My Cross and resurrect dead Ecstasy?

Alas! The thought of Her veiled life may borrow
No hour from paradise, no blissful smart
Keener than fear or sadness, and impart
The heavenly balm and beauty of God's morrow:
For evermore the bitter core of sorrow
Must feed the savage hunger of my heart.

X

He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven

Soon shall the storm of woe be spent that fanned
My flaming heart to ashes; for aloud
I cry thy name, seeing beyond my shroud
A face, a form—thy form, Belovèd, bowed
To clasp me as my spirit-wings expand;
White pilot Death, we see, with mute command
Launch on the Deep his ferry, phantom-manned,
Thy soul and mine amongst the seraph crowd.

O hear the waves of dim eternal seas
Laving wrecked worlds! Now Godward like a sun
We greet the stars, Love's pilgrimage begun!
Hailing the angel-circled Pleiades,
We join Night's gleaming joy-bound argosies,
Our blended beings burning into one.

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AUGUST STRINDBERG: THE MAN *

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

OF August Strindberg it seems safe to assert that no artist was ever more personal in his choice of material, and none more impersonal in his treatment of that material. Thus his life and his art are, to an exceptional degree, rendered inseparable. To speak of one, is to imply the other. But I believe that the easiest way to an understanding, both of the man and of his work, lies through an outline of influences and experiences known to have played the part of a refracting medium to the essential spirit of his genius.

The *leitmotif* of his childhood was built out of two jarring notes: misunderstanding and isolation. He was an unwelcome child. Throughout life he has remained unwelcome, misunderstood and isolated. And if at times we find in his work a note of bitterness bordering on hatred, we must recall not only the sad beginnings, but also the subsequent stress and struggle through which he has had to force his way to the point where he stands to-day—the greatest living writer in the Scandinavian North, and one of the greatest in the whole world.

Strindberg's father was a shopkeeper who had gone bankrupt a short time before the child was born, and who had to begin life all over again as a steamship agent. The boy's mother was a servant girl, who had brought three children into the world before her relation to their father was legitimized by marriage. And a couple of months after the wedding August was born. That was in January, 1849.

The family was living in Stockholm, the gay capital of Sweden, but its members had less contact with the rest of the world than if they had been stranded in a desert. The father turned with almost monomaniacal devotion to the task of building up a secure livelihood for himself and those depending on him. The mother was narrowly religious and wholly preoccu-

* The next number will contain a second and final article, under the title, *August Strindberg: His Achievement.*

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pied with the cares of a constantly growing brood. The home was, for years, of the poorest—and as child after child was added to the flock, its three rooms had finally to house ten persons: the parents, seven children, and two servants.

The boy's first remembered sensations, as recorded by himself, were fear and hunger—and of those two, fear predominated. Thus we may guess why so often in later life his indomitable courage has been tinged with desperation. Timid and shy, morbidly sensitive, craving love and justice with equal passion where both seemed denied him, he became from the very start what he has often called himself—one of life's scapegoats. At the age of eight he dreamt of taking his own life because he had been unjustly accused and then tormented into falsely acknowledging himself guilty of the charge. And what hurt him more than the unmerited punishment was the doubting of his word. No other incident in his life seems to have struck such deep roots in his mind as this one, sowing within him a distrust not only of his fellow-men, but of life itself and what lies behind it, that he has never been able to overcome. Plain echoes of that childish experience are heard in one work after another.

His mother's religiosity was of the egotistical kind that refers only to the salvation of the individual soul. The father, being more intellectual, was more passive in his attitude, but hardly broader in his faith. The boy, on the other hand, seems from the first to have fermented with an emotion which, while it sought outlet in religious forms, was really social in its trend. Here again we find a chasm yawning between the boy and his surroundings that helped to swing him toward an extreme of materialistic skepticism before he could find true expression for one of the fundamental tendencies in his nature. And the same influence went far, I think, to pull him back time and again into a morbid jealousy on behalf of his own personality.

When he was thirteen, his mother died, and he mourned not so much her death as the final loss of that tender sympathy which his soul hungered for, but which all his longings had never been able to draw from her. Perhaps it was this first fatal disappointment which doomed him to repeated disillusionment in his subsequent intercourse with the other sex. He himself has said

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that he could never tell whether he was looking to a woman for a mother's love or that of a mistress.

Before a year had passed, he was given a stepmother—and once more his soul received a shock never to be forgotten. He tried to like her and make himself liked. In both efforts he failed conspicuously. And the only result was increased estrangement between himself and his father. Thus everything combined to throw him back upon himself, and to further that habit of intense introspection which was to form such a characteristic trait of his art. The one consoling circumstance of those crucial years from thirteen to eighteen was that the financial position of the household became very much improved, so that the boy, after a couple of unhappy educational experiences, could attend a good private school and hope for a university course. But when at last, at the age of eighteen, he departed for the ancient university in the little town of Upsala—Sweden's Oxford—his total means consisted of eight *kronor* (about $22) which he had earned for himself by tutoring. From his father he received nothing but a handful of cigars and the advice to "look out for himself."

During the greater part of his stay at the university he was wretchedly poor. He did not even have money enough to buy wood for the heating of the garret where he lived. Sometimes he borrowed a sackful from some more fortunate comrade, carrying it home on his own back, and sometimes he stayed in bed for days to keep warm. His first term was almost lost because he had no books and no money to buy any. But worse than all this was the rebellion inspired within him by the futility of the whole academical system. Once he broke away in despair and began to teach in one of the public schools at Stockholm. He was assigned to the lowest grade, and realized quickly that he had exchanged one hell for another. Like "The Officer" in his *Dream Play,* he imagined himself condemned to start the whole dreary routine over again, not as a teacher, but as one of the pupils—bored, scolded and snubbed.

It is of no use here to talk of lacking flexibility or adaptability. Young Strindberg's story is the same one told by one man of genius after another. They are all fitted for some par-

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ticular task—and until they find that task, they are helpless. Rousseau, Balzac, Wagner, Ibsen, Shaw, are among those that may be mentioned in illustration. And it is to be well noted that during the period in question Strindberg was firmly convinced of his own inability to write. He had tried, and—"nothing would come." His family regarded him as a good-for-nothing. And he himself was, on the whole, fearful that their judgment might prove correct.

We can then imagine his surprise and rapture, when, during that temporary absence from the university, he discovered that, after all, the gift of poetical creation was his. It was as if some frozen fountain had thawed out and sent a flood of inspiration through his whole being. In a couple of months he produced several comedies and a five-act tragedy in verse on a classical theme. This he named *Hermione,* and to this day it remains distinctly readable. A one-act verse play was accepted and played at the Royal Theatre. Strindberg was then twenty. A little later another small play, *The Outcast*—a historical prose study undoubtedly suggested by Björnson's *Between the Battles*—won him the attention of King Charles XV and a stipend from the monarch's private purse.

While this spell of sunshine lasted, he returned to the university to make another vain attempt at winning a degree. He read prodigiously—and some of his reading actually overlapped the courses prescribed by the curriculum. But as a rule his mind followed its own impulses. The keynote of his entire existence at that time was an intense intellectual curiosity. "To look through everything, to know everything, was a mania with me," he said of himself later. That mania has remained typical of his mental attitude throughout all the vicissitudes of his life. And I think it has proved the saving factor more than once when he found himself brought to the very brink of irremediable disaster. Nor has there ever been anything superficial about his insatiable curiosity. Whether searching his own soul or observing surrounding nature, he must needs get to the bottom of things. Thus I found not long ago that he had examined the botanical textbooks in six different languages merely to clear up some obscure point. And the mercilessness of his introspection

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is splendidly illustrated by a passage in which he describes a character who is none but himself in slight disguise: "Falk was a vivisector who experimented on his own soul, always going around with open wounds, until he gave his life for the sake of knowledge."

It was during that second stay at the university he made three spiritual acquaintances which became largely determining for his future development. They were the Danish philosopher Kierkegaard's *Either—Or,* which made him forever a champion of the ethical, as juxtaposed to the æsthetical, life conception; Buckle's *History of Civilization in England,* which revealed to him the relativity of truth and the rooting of all ideas in material conditions; and, finally, Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious,* which introduced him to the gospel of pessimism, the acceptance of life as an inevitable and, perhaps, meaningless evil. Since those days Strindberg has travelled many strange paths and worshipped at many new shrines, but still he remains faithful in spirit to these earlier guides; still he proclaims in all his books and plays that art and knowledge are equally subservient to life, and that life itself must be lived as we know best, chiefly because we are part of it and cannot escape from its promptings.

He wrote, too, during that period, but destroyed everything without having made an attempt to get it played or published. Two historical five-act tragedies were among the products thus sacrificed to his growing power of self-criticism. With the death of the king in 1872, his stipend ceased and distress returned. Unable to read, unable to write, unable to do anything but paint—in which art this wonderful man has also reached considerable proficiency without ever having studied it in prescribed fashion—he feared that he was losing his mind. On one occasion comrades had to watch at his bed for several nights while every available candle was kept burning to shield him from the horrors lurking in the darkness. And once the future author of *Inferno,* who was to drift as close to the border-line between the rational and the irrational as anyone may dare without fatal results, actually wrote to a private sanitarium for advice.

In the end he gave up the vain struggle for academical pre-

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ferment and returned to Stockholm. A lucky chance took him out to one of the innumerable islands that make the inlet to Stockholm one of the most beautiful in the world. There, during two quietly happy summer months, he wrote his first masterpiece, *Master Olof,* a historical prose drama grouped around the Luther of the Swedish Reformation. Forty years have passed since Strindberg, then only twenty-three years old, completed that work. Forty years of shifting literary fashions have failed to sap its strength or dim its charm. But while it still seems great to-day, even when compared with the epoch-making works of universal literature, it stood unique in Swedish literature at the time of its completion—a landmark proclaiming the inception of a new era.

That play was rejected—scornfully and sneeringly rejected—by the literary arbiters of the Royal Theatre, then the only stage available for the production of such a work. No publisher could be found for it. Not until five years later was it placed before the public in book form, and then in altered shape, after its author had rewritten it five times in compliance with the edict of the critics that verse alone was suitable to the historical drama—an opinion voiced about the same time by William Archer in regard to Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean.* The first stage performance of *Master Olof* did not occur until 1880, and then on one of the privately managed stages that had begun to spring up in the capital.

For a time the reception accorded his first authentical work of genius seemed to rob Strindberg of the very desire to write. His struggle for mere existence became more trying than ever. At last, after having failed as actor and as a hack writer for several daily newspapers, he obtained a position in the Royal Library. And there he spent his time in studying Chinese and writing monographs on the relations between China and Sweden in the eighteenth century. One of these efforts was even read before the French Institute and brought him a medal from the Russian Geographical Society.

He was twenty-six, and the arch-rebel within him appeared to have received a quietus forever, when he met the woman who was to exercise an influence on his fate comparable to that first

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impression of the world's blind injustice which had burned itself so ineradicably into the boy's consciousness. She was another man's wife. Of the vicissitudinous courtship that ensued I shall not speak here. In the end a divorce left the woman free to marry the man who had already been her lover for some time. And throughout the transitory period, as well as afterwards, the passing and the coming husband seem to have regarded each other not only without ill-will, but with real friendship. In the whole matter inhered, however, an ambiguity that must have hurt Strindberg to the quick. For this man, to whose several "marital ventures" jeering references have been frequently made, is above everything else *clean* in all his instincts. And that he had to reach his dreamed happiness through what the world calls a scandal was sure to call forth a reaction sooner or later.

But happiness he had for a time—the first genuine happiness of his life. And under that stimulus he began to write again: first a series of short stories, and then a novel, *The Red Room*. This was his second masterpiece. It established his reputation as a writer, though his own countrymen did their best to overlook the book. In the end it won its way largely through the recognition bestowed on it by critics in the other Scandinavian countries. During the next few years Strindberg's literary productivity was tremendous. But I shall here speak of only one more work from that period—the first of the two short story volumes named *Marriage*. He wrote it in Switzerland, whither he had withdrawn to give himself wholly to his art. The impetus to it came unmistakably from Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, against which Strindberg reacted antipathetically from the first. His immediate object was merely to present modern marriage as he saw it—based not on "ideal claims," but on economical conditions. But as usual he spoke what he held to be the truth with such force that evasion became impossible.

At the instigation of the Queen of Sweden, criminal proceedings were started, not against Strindberg, but against his publisher, and not for "immorality," but for—sacrilegious treatment of the established religion. By hurrying home, Strindberg succeeded in turning the fire on himself. While the proceedings

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lasted, the whole country was literally split in twain over the issues involved. It was the old and the new fighting for supremacy. The jury at last brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the author was acclaimed with a fervor rarely if ever displayed toward a literary man in Sweden. He was thereafter the acknowledged leader of that band of radical poets and artists who called themselves "Young Sweden." But in the midst of all the feasting and shouting, the object of this enthusiasm whispered to himself: "Yes, you cheer me to-day, and to-morrow you will be hissing me." And the main impression retained by his mind was not of the joyous tumult caused by his acquittal, but of the humiliation that had led up to it—for he felt that his aim had been unmistakably pure.

That was in 1884. His marriage lasted seven years longer, but with every passing year the relationship between him and his wife grew more painful. Time and again he tried to break the bond, and as often he returned, drawn back partly by lingering love, and partly by that "link" which held him most powerfully —the children. But not only love for wife and children, but his entire natural bent made it hard for him to seek relief from a burden become unbearable. For he was and is by nature monogamous. And one of the main tragedies of his all too tragic life has just been his inability to realize that ideal of two souls walking side by side through life, bound together by a love that had in it no touch of impurity.

Omniscience would be needed to proclaim the exact degree of responsibility attaching to the man and the woman in that marriage. The hellish tortures which it inflicted on both parties to it have been pictured by Strindberg in his autobiographical novel, *A Fool's Confession,* with a minute exactness and a psychological penetration that have probably never been surpassed. Some of the charges and insinuations contained in that remarkable book may be exaggerated, or even imagined, but to one knowing the man, his uncanny faculty for observation and his irresistible tendency to record the truth in spite of himself, the conclusion seems inevitable that, on the whole, the picture of marital life presented in the book is correct. Where Strindberg made his mistake was in letting himself be tempted by his just

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grievances into mistaking the specimen for the species, the individual for the type. When he thought himself arraigning *woman,* his charges were in reality directed against *a* woman—his wife. And his later pictures of married life showed that form of human relationship, not as it must be and always is, but as it may be and often becomes. Personally I believe that he has never written a line that does not contain something of truth in it. But I believe also that frequently—and especially during the period in question—he has mistaken *a* truth for *the* truth.

While the final catastrophe was still impending, he wrote some of his most wonderful dramatic works—the three-act modern tragedy named *The Father,* and his first group of iconoclastic one-act plays, with *Miss Juliet* preceding and surpassing all the rest. During a stay at Berlin, while he was still striving to recover from the shock imparted to his whole system by the divorce from his first wife, he met and courted a sympathetic German woman, a writer also, whose tastes seemed congenial to his own. That second experiment lasted only a few years. It was not so violently unhappy as the first one, but the experiences it implied helped undoubtedly to bring on the crisis which finally overtook Strindberg at the age of forty-five—an age that almost always plays a significant part in the lives of greatly gifted men —and which served to wipe five whole years out of his existence as an artistic creator.

At all times, from his earliest youth to the present day, he has been keenly interested in every aspect of life not only as an artist but as a thinker also. He has studied every branch of modern science from astronomy to sociology. Nature has always been to him a book which he read with never-failing fascination. The comments of other men on that book have also been of interest to him, but at no time has he been inclined to accept them unchallenged. Some day the world will know what a treasure-trove of suggestive ideas lies hidden among Strindberg's scientific and philosophical speculations, even when these appear most fantastic. Not as if I meant to say that he has always been in the right, but I think that, in his criticism of modern science, however uncharitable it be in form, he has always

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been on the track of some truth still hidden from the patient plodders in the field involved.

From an early period, when a physician's calling was in his mind and actually led him into the dissecting room and the laboratory, he entertained a passionate fondness for chemistry and its problems. During the time of which I am now speaking those problems engrossed his mind completely. The will-o'-the-wisp pursued most ardently was the transmutability of elements hitherto supposed to be stable and irreducible. Back of this dream lay the older one of *making gold,* and it was with the latter that Strindberg's overwrought fancy became more and more preoccupied. But not for the sake of gain. What he sought, now as always, was truth—and it is as a seeker for truth, for spiritual treasures, that Strindberg should always be regarded, *no matter what we find him saying or doing.*

That strange search of his at Paris in the middle nineties brought him what he looked for, but not exactly in the form that he had expected. For he found not ordinary gold, but—the mystic faith of Swedenborg. Through that faith he won his way once more to health and strength and spiritual balance and creative power. But ere he reached that far, he had nearly sacrificed both life and reason. There is another autobiographical work, *Inferno,* in which he tells of his travels through the nethermost regions of despair and delusion. In all the world's literature there is not another book quite its equal. It is a document that must enter as one of the foundation stones of our coming understanding of the human mind.

Returning to Sweden in the summer of 1896, Strindberg actually spent a couple of months in a private sanitarium kept by an old friend. A year later he began to write again—first of all, the volumes embodying the mental crisis just completed. And then, while all the world was still thinking him lost forever, there followed a period of such miraculous creative activity that soon its results eclipsed all his earlier achievements. Plays, modern and historical, realistic and symbolistic; novels and stories; pamphlets of critical, scientific and political bearing; verse and prose; works of playful fancy and others filled with the deepest pathos—a whole literature, in short, with all its at-

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tendant subdivisions, seemed to pour forth in unbroken stream from his fertile brain.

Of his private life since the opening of that final period it is hardly necessary to speak. Even when his fame rose into higher and higher flood tide, there came days of disappointment and sorrow. Too often his efforts—even the best—were met with a lack of understanding, or a premeditated misconstruction, that tempted the berserker nature within him into outbursts like those contained in certain chapters of his latest novel, *Black Flags,* or in the pamphlet entitled *Speeches to the Swedish Nation.* But in the main the tenor of his existence had become determined, and what happened for good or bad might disturb but not alter his general trend. There was a third marriage—a final search for the dreamed ideal. It was the briefest and least turbulent of his marital episodes. Then the solitude closed in around him again—the solitude in the midst of a multitude which he has pictured so touchingly in *Alone.* It was no longer quite unwelcome. He might have been unreservedly happy but for one lack —that of children, *his* children. Not that he has ever lost track of any one of them—there being five in all sprung from the three marriages—but he wanted them always around him.

Toward those children, even more than toward their mothers, his heart has gone out in periods of estrangement and impending separation. To surrender them has brought him deeper pain than any other loss. And yet he has never tried to keep them, because he felt so strongly that children belong primarily to the mother for their own sake. Fear of the mother's unworthiness as mother has raised his anger to a greater degree of fierceness than anything else. For though he never received from his own mother the fulness of love he craved, he has had for his offspring a tenderness and a devotion such as commonly the mother alone is held capable of. He might truly be named the poet of fatherhood—and it is thoroughly characteristic that he named his most poignant tragedy *The Father,* and not *The Husband.*

It is frequently asserted nowadays, that the father's love for the child is more or less acquired, more or less reasoned, while that of the mother is instinctive and spontaneous. Against this view Strindberg carries on incessant warfare. In his eye the

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child appears as strongly and as inevitably tied to one parent as to the other. And beneath that tie he sees the individual's craving for continued existence in the child. One of the main issues in that duel of the sexes which forms such a conspicuous theme of his art is the struggle of each parent to impress his or her nature on the child, to the exclusion of the other one's. What his work might have been, if fate had granted him undisturbed enjoyment of that triple happiness which he has repeatedly pictured in such glowing colors—the happiness of home and wife and children—no amount of speculation can reveal. But of one thing I feel sure: that if, at least, he could always have had his children about him, some of his bitterest and most regrettable pages would never have been written.

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DEMOCRACY AND THE RECALL

GWENDOLEN OVERTON

IN the life of Mr. Gladstone we find it recorded that, during his maturer years, when he was applied to by earnest young Englishmen for suggestions as to the course of study it would be most advantageous for them to pursue, he was wont to advise that they ponder the working of freedom in America.

One is moved to wish that those among ourselves who occupy positions of authority and influence would more often give like advice to the youth of our own country; for it challenges attention how frequently they appear to feel a deep distrust of that very thing which the greatest English statesman of modern times thought worthy of admiring contemplation.

Sometimes it seems indeed a cause for real concern how little the theory upon which our government rests is to-day the fashion among what one might designate—in paraphrase of a popular term—the intellectual "special interests." No doubt it should be recognized as the other swing of the pendulum from the pseudo-philosophy of government fashionable among the leaders of thought in the eighteenth century. To-day one achieves a reputation for a distinguished attitude of mind, not by proclaiming the divinity of the popular will, but by placing a low estimate upon the sentiments and motives of the multitude, and predicating of the majority that it must almost necessarily be wrong.

An example of how members of our learned class too frequently feel toward the considerable remainder of their fellow citizens—perhaps also, an example of how the sense of humor may be quenched by draughts of the Pierian Spring—was recently given by one of our prominent college presidents while addressing an assemblage of international importance.

With disdain tempered by compassion he spoke of "that element of the population which cannot tolerate the notion of the country being in the hands of clergymen and professors, of lawyers and philanthropists."

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From similar sources come constant warnings against this "element" and its influence. They are spoken in the sincere desire to save our republic from untimely and chaotic end, yet one cannot but regret that this should be so commonly the sentiment of those to whom a large number of the intelligent and influential look for guidance, since the opinions inculcated are at variance with the principle by virtue of which our State exists, and we, who have no logical course save to trust with "a patient confidence, in the ultimate justice of the people," are filled with forebodings as to the dangers inherent in the spirit of democracy.

Of late there has been furnished a new text for such utterance by a popular movement of a significance not to be overlooked. Originating in a part of the country where conditions are favorable to new departures and where the population is notably law-abiding and American, the demand for power to recall unsatisfactory members of the judiciary has been granted in two States, and although at first attracting little attention has, in a short time, spread until it has challenged national consideration.

The event has already made it appear probable that an issue not easily disposed of has arisen. To underrate it, to seek to brush it aside as the manifestation of a peevish mood, of a disorderly humor upon the part of a restless populace, would be a mistake. The very magnitude and intricacy of the questions raised is earnest that, having once been advanced, they will "never be settled until they are settled right."

Although involved in subtleties, and unenlivened by any dramatic element, this matter arouses a universal interest because it lies so close to the roots of a principle upon which all stable governments have been founded, that there is wide-spread fear the growth may not long survive such tampering and there may follow the "end of all things" predicted by Montesquieu. Upon the part of the cautious and conservative, supposition is the more arrayed against the movement that it is championed by most of the magazines and journals which are sweepingly dismissed as "yellow."

But those who look askance upon change, should guard

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against being themselves swayed by mere sentiment. They should strive to weigh honestly the causes which have brought about this demand for reform, to decide with all possible detachment whether or not it is justified, and whether or not its results would probably be subversive of law and order. By so doing they may go far toward lessening the evils of the transition period which seems impending.

Broadly underlying the more immediate and concrete considerations moving most of those who would have the judiciary subject to recall, is the slowly gained recognition that we are very far indeed from having a Government of the majority, that the safeguards erected to protect the minority have given this shifting political abstraction undue power, and that many ills from which we suffer have their origin here.

It was inevitable that as the fact became generally apprehended, there should arise a demand that public offices be held directly from the voters rather than from the adroitest clique or the strongest party organization. As a result, the proposal for popular election of senators is already upon the verge of acceptance, there bids fair to follow increased agitation for a like method of choosing the President—that executive head of our republic more powerful than many constitutional monarchs —while the majority finds means of asserting itself in local affairs through the initiative and referendum, and through such immediate and practical control of elected officers as is afforded by the recall. Having found the recall effective and satisfactory here, it was certain to be thought of as applicable to the judiciary.

And few measures could have been more certain of favor from the multitude. For it may as well be admitted that there exists a popular prejudice against those whose profession is the law. The laity is prone to undervalue the conservative principle, and does not acknowledge with due gratitude—is indeed unaware of—its debt to judge-made law.

If it loves its Jefferson and its Lincoln and has slight enthusiasm for John Marshall, it is because the former were, one might say, only incidentally lawyers, and of the creative rather than the legal mind. That this type does not appeal to the

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general imagination scarcely needs stating. The legal mind is mistrusted as inimical to broad and liberal issues, as exalting property rights above abstractly human ones, and as too likely to forget that, since what was yesterday the unthinkable proposition of the enthusiast is to-day a basic proposition of law, the radical is not necessarily an enemy of society.

Apart from this we have the more specific consideration which it is impossible to escape, that among those who make up what we are wont to designate as the working class there is bitterness against the courts, and a belief for which they can adduce much justification, that the poor man stands little chance of getting what he considers his rights—still less of encountering the leniency shown so often to powerful offenders.

There is not perfect faith in the fair dealing, or even in the integrity of judges. In certain sections of the country almost the whole community has for years believed its judiciary corrupt. Impeachment is to all intents impossible, the machinery of local government made it equally so for the people to put upon the bench men who held their confidence. Yet censure of the courts was condemned as little short of criminal; although nothing could be more unreasonable than to suppose that in this protestant age any institution represented in the persons of men can be maintained above criticism.

While interpretation of the law differs upon every side, while decisions are made and reversed and the reversals reversed, while the final appeal hangs upon the opinion of five men out of nine—and even this majority of one may change its mind—it is idle to insist that the courts be accorded unquestioning reverence, that the populace accept them as too sacred to be meddled with. They will never be held more infallible than the decisions they hand down, nor more worthy of respect than the men who preside in them.

And precisely here is such logic as may lie in the judicial recall. It is general to charge Americans with a decreasing respect for the law, yet it would be nearer the truth to say that what the rank and file actually desire is law that has not lagged behind social evolution and which is interpreted by men as far as humanly possible above prejudice or venality.

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To the average voter the recall of the judiciary does not stand for rebellion against restraint. Mob-unruliness it is not —in motive, at any rate. In those States which now have the recall the standard of citizenship and the general intelligence is high, the voters are markedly representative of a race whose strongest characteristic has always been the love of just and stable government—but which has found that these are only to be obtained by altering laws and constitutions.

Among the objections raised to this movement are that it will cause the people to infer their superiority to the law from control of its interpreters; that a judge is entitled to trial for alleged bad behavior; that the three functions of government, legislative, judicial and executive, will cease to be separate; that there will follow the debasement of the judiciary, and above all, that there will remain no safeguard of minority rights.

To the first it might be answered that the people are already theoretically superior to the law, in that it lies with them to amend or alter the constitution. In England their control is still more direct and immediate, and the Englishman is notoriously law-abiding. Nor does it seem quite reasonable to insist that citizens will have less respect for the law if they may recall its interpreters—after formal preliminaries extending over a considerable period—than if they may defeat them at the polls.

As to the second contention—it is perfectly obvious that conviction, even in quite extreme cases of misconduct, would be well-nigh impossible. A solitary but sufficient example of the difficulties to be encountered has been furnished very recently in the notorious case of a Federal judge in a western State.

To the third objection there is the reply that the three functions of government have not in fact remained separate, and perhaps could not do so practically.

In respect of the argument that good men will not offer themselves as candidates for the bench if recall hangs over them —as far as civic and State officials have been concerned, a better class seems to have come into the field where the undesirable can be removed. It may equally well be so with the judiciary. For it is more than doubtful if occupants of the bench would ever be

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unseated capriciously, for no graver cause than merely an unpopular decision.

Those who believe in our tolerant and "nonchalant" populace deem it likely that the conduct of affairs would be attended with no visible change whatsoever. With aggregations of men responsibility and trust have a sobering effect, and the fear of doing injustice, of intrenching upon the territory of a special knowledge, will quite possibly make the recall an expedient never resorted to. And this will be more certainly the case if, as is probable, members of the judiciary would be at greater pains than now to avoid coming under suspicion, and would take a legitimate lead of the people by pointing out where laws and procedure likely to cause offence could be bettered—a duty wherein they themselves are tardily admitting dereliction. There will, let us hope, be less of that tendency—which calls forth the strictures of an eminent modern writer upon jurisprudence—to consider an action at law, "a game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move."

Yet the forensic position by a prophet is insecure, and more than commonly so in this case—whether good or evil be foretold. We might, however, do well to remember the recent admission of Governor Woodrow Wilson:

"For fifteen years," he said, "I taught my classes that the initiative and referendum wouldn't work. I can prove it yet. The trouble is that they do."

But concerning the most theoretical, and therefore the most important, of the objections named—that the minority will lose its right of being assured, in so far as possible, that its case will receive unbiassed consideration at any given moment. Here there arises an issue not to be disposed of carelessly.

And we may as well allow that this is an abstraction not gone into by the average voter, who is both unanalytical and inarticulate when it comes to subtleties of the sort. He does not readily distinguish between public servants and interpreters of the law, but dismisses the debate with some such simple and inadequate formula as that "judges are no better nor more infallible than other men whom the people elect to serve them," or "in this free land there is no place for a class superior to the will of the people."

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When confronted by such flourishes—albeit they contain a measure of truth—the hopeful democrat has need to fortify himself with the reflection that chief among the inconsistencies of human nature is the ability to act well while thinking defectively.

If nothing more reasonable, more apposite than this can be adduced as argument in favor of the new order proposed, the old one might perhaps better continue on. Confusion of mind and of issues becomes too evident. But may not this confusion be due—as in almost all human misunderstandings—to failure in going to the very base of the difficulty? Would not greater clearness result if those favoring judicial recall were to assert their belief that it is not in the least essential to the preservation of society for minority rights to receive their guarantee under the terms of the dispensation hitherto obtaining?

It is so obvious a platitude that one can with difficulty bring oneself to suggest again—what, nevertheless, appears to need perpetual reiteration—that principles of jurisprudence and government are not unchanging, or more exactly that there is but one which is so—that nothing is permanent save change.

In the *History of English Law* Maine reminds us that "the matter of legal science is not an ideal result of ethical or political analysis; it is the actual result of the facts of human nature and history." We are told by Bryce that "though its (the law's) leading doctrines and its fundamental institutions are in some respects essentially the same, in all civilized communities, still, every given system is . . . . forever changing, growing and decaying, both in its theory and in its substance . . . . each nation is, through what the Germans call its legal consciousness, the maker and moulder of its laws." And in *Civil Government* Locke says: "Law in its true notion is not so much the limitation, as the direction of a free and intelligent agent to his proper interest."

If we admit the above conclusions to be true, how are we to insist that there can be but one method of safeguarding a minority? In an essentially democratic community, where the average of intelligence is high and self-government has become nothing less than second nature, there may be another method more

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" actually the result of the facts of human nature and history," because it allows the " direction by a free and intelligent agent to his proper interest."

With us it should take the form of guaranteeing minority rights consciously by precisely that which has always guaranteed them—though unconsciously: the sense of justice and responsibility of the majority. For civic self-consciousness is the acknowledged purpose of the race's development.

In bare truth the right of the minority is not, in the last issue, guaranteed by a protected judiciary, but by that which affords the judiciary protection—the state of society. According to Lincoln, not only in fact but in theory as well, the people are masters of the courts, " not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who would pervert the Constitution."

In a turbulent society the minority has no guarantee, whatsoever the principles of government. In one highly evolved it would receive its guarantee as it has always actually received it, from the majority—but directly, not by a circuitous path.

In considering such subjects as these, one needs constantly to keep in mind the maxim of Mill that unless a theory is good for the extreme case, it is good for nothing at all. And just how good was the theory that a protected judiciary could guarantee the rights of a minority, was made apparent when the refusal of the majority to accept the Dred Scott decision eventuated in the Civil War. If a popular vote could have recalled mistrusted judges—as it overwhelmingly elected the man who disapproved their verdict—we might have been spared the horrors necessary to prove that, whatever theory may be erected as a barrier, the majority must control.

If the populace has reached the point where it submits to a law guaranteeing the security of one, or any small portion of its number, the next step in advance will consistently be that it should school itself to allow that security without sense of compulsion. The whole trend of humanity, in its social relation, is in this direction. And though injustice may occasionally result, it would probably not be oftener than at present—since we cannot but allow that the integrity of the judiciary has an enemy

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in great wealth not less formidable than any lurking in the "spirit of democracy."

It remains, of course, debatable whether humanity—among ourselves—has yet reached the stage where the experiment may be safely made. Yet since evolution disregarded brings about revolution, it seems safe to say that a people is ready to be entrusted with the rights it deliberately and thoughtfully claims, and that it will very soon learn to use them properly. Upon what other principle, indeed, does our State exist, or progress?

To-day we can scarcely better foresee the condition of the future State than Plato—with his assumption of war as the final affair of a people—could have foreseen world's Congresses of Peace. But as the time will presumably never arrive when it will be safe to abolish all checks against the unconsidered action of the populace, they can only be employed with decreasing frequency.

Those which were introduced into the Constitution by its framers indicated extreme distrust of the people's capacity for managing their own affairs. They were devised by men who "founded their new government by an involuntary reference to a lower social state than that which they actually saw about them"—and one far lower than they hoped to evolve. Their wisdom was drawn largely from the experience of ancient States—as to which the want of scientific data at that period, left them insufficiently informed. They relied upon the teachings of Aristotle, Plato, Montesquieu and Blackstone. Their frequent bias of mind was displayed by the words of John Randolph, James Madison and Elbridge Gerry, when, at the Constitutional Convention, they spoke of the "turbulence and follies of democracy," of "protecting the rights of property against the spirit of democracy," and asserted that "the people do not want virtue, but are the dupes of pretended patriots."

It is easy to account for the paradox of these men who distrusted democracy while staking their faith upon it, who conceded the franchise though they inclined to believe, with the ancients, that the salvation of States depended upon "guardians" elevated above the throng, and guiding it by duplicity.

They knew the disorders of Greece, whose "liberty was

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accidental, transient and limited," those of Rome, whose genius was for jurisprudence and the control of conquests, but not for internal government. There were fresh in their memories the excesses of the oppression-maddened, ignorant French revolutionists, and they themselves had suffered from the conditions obtaining in the colonies which were making their first attempt at self-rule. But of a free society even so little advanced toward perfection as ours to-day, they could only dream—and being, for the most part, men of common sense rather than of great gifts, they dared not trust their dreams.

Their reliance was upon the annals of other ages, more than upon inspiration. And although, in seeking to understand the present and to descry what the future holds, it is well to bring to our aid all possible knowledge of the past, yet the weight we give to this must not be undue. As Hegel seeks to impress upon us—"experience and history teach that peoples and governments never have learned anything from history, each period being involved in such peculiar circumstances, exhibiting a condition of things so strictly idiosyncratic, as to require its conduct to be regulated by considerations connected with itself alone. It is useless to revert to similar circumstances in the past—since nothing is more diverse than the genius of those nations and the nations of our own times."

And in *L'Histoire Politique de l'Europe* we are warned that "if the past is beneficial because it initiates new generations into the experiences of those which are dead, it abuses its powers and haunts the living like a malicious spectre."

The experiences of Greece, of Rome, of Holland, of Switzerland, of France, or of our own early Federation are actually little to us.

It may be said, however, that we have had unpleasant examples of disorders among our own people so recently as around the time of the Civil War. Yet even the lesson derived from these is scarcely useful now. The disorderly condition of our country from before the time of the lamentable Mexican War, to after that of the reconstruction, was due to the anachronistic situation of being half slave, half free, of a denial in fact of the principles by which we justified our existence; and they show

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only what we can observe at all times, that the refusal to live up to the best theory we are able to conceive, is disastrous to tranquil progress in nations as in individuals.

But over against the deductions to be made from this troublous period, we may set those of perhaps the most acute-visioned and sympathetic among the host of our critics. De Tocqueville contends that the tendency of our institutions is to make the people averse to sudden changes and rash action. And events seem certainly to have borne this out, when we consider that despite the fact of our unelastic constitution, and of constitutions which might have been expected to lead to frequent turbulence, there has been but the one great internal uprising.

Upon reflection it becomes very questionable whether the supposition against the democratic spirit is justified by the facts. Its manifestations appear to have been of a kind subversive of order chiefly when its normal activity and evolution was checked —a generalization we will do well to remember. That its spread is " the most permanent tendency which is to be found in history " and that " the various occurrences of national existence have everywhere turned to the advantage of democracy," is evident. As to the results which have accrued—opinions appear to be chiefly a matter of temperament. But in frankly aligning oneself with those who believe that the effort of the universe is toward advance, one has the support of authoritative philosophers and historians. Among these it is generally agreed that " society has evidently made immense progress, and the condition of humanity is pleasant and just compared to what it was formerly," while " from the despotism of the Orient to the aristocratic States of antiquity and the Middle Ages, and from these to the policy of the Western States still in development, there is a regular progress of intellectual and civil freedom."

The democratic principle has persistently gained ground, and sociologically, at any rate, the world has improved. This, broadly considered, is all the knowledge that will be of use to us in shaping our future course. With its help we will gradually bring ourselves to abandon the notion of government being a form of external compulsion, rather than of enlightened self-control.

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Nor is it true, as one of our best-known educators sets forth in a treatise on democracy, that the duty of one generation is to pass on to the next, unimpaired, the institutions it has inherited from its forbears. Its duty is to pass them on improved.

Changes are bound to come if we are in a state of health; but so powerful with the mass are habit from the past and faith in what exists, that we of the United States present the remarkable spectacle of a vast aggregation of human beings, heterogeneous beyond anything ever known before, living peaceably in almost superstitious submission to laws which are not supposed to rest upon authority—other than the inner voice.

The century just passed has seen constitutions radically altered in every other civilized Government, while we have clung to that given us in another era, though many conservative thinkers, at home and abroad, have regretted our immutability. But that this immutability will continue indefinitely it is impossible to suppose. Every indication of the times is against it. And such is not the part we were designed to play in history. The philosophers of European peoples impress upon us that "the responsibility for modern statecraft and ideals of government belongs to us," and that "America is the land of the future where, in the ages that lie before us, the burden of the world's history shall reveal itself—for what has happened in the New World, up to now, is only an echo of the Old."

If we remain but an Echo; if we shall not have the courage to recognize what it is that we stand for, we shall be the most stupendous failure in the annals of time. We must admit legitimate demands for alteration in our forms of government, for experiment with the hitherto untried, or we lose that opportunity to prove the trustworthiness of freemen which is the excuse for our existence; and the judgment of the future can only be that, from distrust of its vocation and of its own genius, a people which was looked to as the hope of humanity came in the end to be ranked as only one among countless promises left unfulfilled.

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IN SEARCH OF LONDON

EDWIN PUGH

I

THERE is no such place as London in the sense that there is such a place as Liverpool or Birmingham or Newcastle or Chester or Canterbury or Plymouth or Dover. Every other capital of every other country in Europe has its distinctive and outstanding features, or at least its characteristic main thoroughfare or rallying-point: its boulevard, piazza, plaza, or strasse: which epitomizes its history or summarizes the expression of its spirit, and by which it is readily recognizable and definitely set apart from every other capital. But London . . . . Where is London?

II

The noontide sun is beating fiercely down upon a curious survival from the eighteenth century that has somehow got a part of the nineteenth, and even a little of the twentieth century, grafted into its original substance, as fresh green boughs are grafted into the black-gnarled, tortured and twisted parent-stem of an ancient vine. The streets are narrow and crooked. The tall houses are not so much houses as a series of superstructures piled in layers, at haphazard, one upon the other. The upper storeys, with their roof-trees thrusting through the slowly-uprising smoke and reek and dust into a cat's-cradle of wires, seem to nod toward one another fantastically and to threaten to collapse of their own top-heaviness and to mingle in a common destruction like castles of cards. Down below there is a ceaseless stir of human and vehicular traffic, and a nasal hammering and thrumming like the sound of swarming bees. The narrow, crooked ways are thickly congested with carts and waggons and conveyances of every sort and shape and size. The pavements are mottled drab and white with the sombre garb and the straw

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hats of the feverish hordes of preoccupied folk that jostle and hustle and squirm and dodge and spurt and halt and dance in a frenzy of impatience as they strive through the press, or seem to crawl over the burning flags like so many slugs.

There are only two oases in this dingy desert that can be called, by the most liberal exercise of courtesy, open spaces. One is at a meeting of seven narrow ways and is ringed about and frowned upon by hideous gray edifices of varying heights and styles of architecture. The other shows a broken fringe of verdant boscage set about a noble cathedral.

There are a few roads cleaving through the maze of alleys that would rank as broad roads in any collection of buildings planned on a less gigantic scale, and here and there is a lonely tree, bravely enduring, or an irregular patch of greenness that is dubiously suggestive of the reflection of a vernal upper world dimly glimpsed at the bottom of a well.

If we descend into this welter we find ourselves in the midst of noise and tumult and fuss and muddle—a muddle of coarse things and fine, common things and rare, incongruously jumbled together—as if a shapeless lump of putty were studded with precious gems—such as no other capital in the world is magnificent enough to display with such self-scorning prodigality and such entirely simple and sincere lack of ostentation. Here is the wealth of a thousand Golcondas stored in a hovel that a bank-clerk would disdain to live in. Here, in mean little offices, sit mean little men amid mean surroundings, trafficking in king's ransoms as street-boys traffic in marbles.

For this, look you! is the City. . . But is it London?

III

The cold wind is scouring a waste of gray concrete, bare gray flags, and shiny gray roads, in a gaunt, bleak, lop-sided, stony-hearted wilderness from the midst of which a tall column juts up into the sky: a column that is more like the preposterously huge Roman candle of a boy's dream than any outcome of any artistic aspiration. Four comic lions, clumsily carved, turn

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their tails toward this absurd monument with the ridiculous figure a-top, and grin derisively. Three statues of abnormally-developed soldiers turn their backs upon a fourth vacant plinth and seem to brood upon the problem whether it is better to be commemorated and forgotten than never to be commemorated at all.

On the northern side of the uneven slope is a long low range of filthy buildings, indeterminately outlined and thrown perfunctorily together in a medley of pillars and pediments and beetling parapets, blank walls rising from a riot of newspaper placards in lively tints, and windows still more blank and hopeless: these buildings might form the mausoleum of a morbid-minded, vulgar-minded millionaire, but are really a National Gallery of pictures that any other nation would be a little proud of. To the east is a church, a miracle of graceful beauty, flanked by shabby-genteel hotels and utterly eclipsed by a brand-new music-hall, narrow-fronted, tastelessly decorated, and brazenly, blatantly placarded, overshadowing a public-house, painted a faded dejected brown, that somehow suggests the cheap cafés of Montmartre, without their bright air of joyousness. Southward and westward, chopped into mere segments by converging ways, one broad and inviting, the others narrow and furtive, is a conglomerate of every kind of Victorian house-front and dwelling house perverted to the strange uses of shop and office, hotel and travel bureau. Beyond is a dim glory of vague architectural splendors in process of development.

The shocked gaze, turning from this sorry spectacle of slipshod slatternliness and costly ugliness and good-things-gone-wrong and good-things-spoilt and good-intentions-frustrate, projects itself due east again along another curious survival—or, rather, series of survivals—that takes the form of a fairly broad street, terminating in two small but truly beautiful churches, whose spires prick the blue. Such a street as this is to be seen in no other country in the world. It hath no form nor comeliness. It might be a gallery in some Brobdingnagian museum set apart for the exhibition of specimens of every kind of house and office and shop that the witlessness of man had devised and planned and erected during the nineteenth century.

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Tall pinched buildings and squat dumpy buildings, brick and red and gray granite and stucco—especially stucco—dormer windows and noble stone-copings—one coping adorned with a fresco of classical figures in bas-relief, advertising some up-to-date brand of physical culture—plate-glass windows, expansive and boldly glittering, and windows such as one associates with small insolvent chandlers' shops in squalid suburbs; hotels that are towns in themselves, mighty caravanserai; one temple of drama which might have sprung from the ruined splendor that was Greece; penny peepshows under cover that only differ in the qualities of stuffiness and gloom from open-air gaffs at a village-fair: all these and a thousand other incongruities shouldering one another, mixed together without rhyme or reason in a bewildering higgledy-piggledy.

Here also is that great terminus—which is in reality no terminus but a rallying-spot and a point of new departure to every quarter of the globe, and to which it is said that all travellers must be drawn irresistibly, sooner or later—Charing Cross Station.

And this jumble of contrasts is reproduced in the wayfarers who haunt its historic precincts. Every grade and every order of society are represented here. The humdrum types to be met with in other more commonplace thoroughfares—that are so truly representative because they are so humdrum—are supplemented here by notable additions. The noble and the famous, the rich and the wise, the successful and the submerged: all flock to this teeming mart. Faces that you have never seen before you recognize now instantly and tack a famous name to. Other faces, bearing signs of kinship with these great men, flit slinkingly by, the nobleness struck out of them by failure and disappointment. Art and the camp-followers of art, science and the drama, sport and religion and law, have their emissaries here. This street is a blend of such apparently irreconcilable elements that it might almost be said to epitomize the national character of the English. It is serenely tolerant of all things of all men.

For this street, and the square from which we have viewed its raddled perspective, are the Strand and Trafalgar Square.

But are they London?

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IV

Everywhere is London blessed above all other cities of Europe with a generous plenitude of open green spaces, but nowhere so bountifully as in that vast severely-residential quarter which extends west and north and south of Piccadilly to Pimlico and Kensington and Bayswater. And this is indeed well. For nowhere else in the metropolis would so much dreary bleakness of stony ways and frowning houses be found as in this sprawling wilderness of pompous, pretentious ugliness and chilly grandeur, if it were not for the many squares and parks that chequer and enliven its drab monotony.

Only in the rococo architecture of here and there a house in Park Lane is there any relief from this universal grimness of aspect.

By comparison, Park Lane is goodly to look upon. For elsewhere the houses stand mostly in unbroken rows and phalanxes, uniformly featureless, slavishly imitative of one another in their hackneyed scheme of sombre decoration, as if they had all been turned out by the gross from a common mould. Plain brick and stucco—stucco again!—and pinchbeck porticos and verandas like fireguards; rigid parallelograms of door and window, dwindling in size and increasing in number as they approach the garrets wherein sleep the mere menials, only a little lower than the angels; a few broad stone steps, more or less, before each broad stone doorstep and front door of state; a dozen or so narrower, steeper stone steps, guarded by their iron rails with a thin iron bannister, winding down behind tall spear-headed railings and disappearing into the damp fustiness of the areas behind which lurk those lower regions of the kitchen and the servants' sitting-rooms whereunto the daylight comes filtered and strained through iron grids.

Within these walls, primly severe to the point of blank hideousness, and forbidding as the walls of a prison or a monastery, may be hidden such glittering splendors and recondite means of ease and comfort and delight as would grace the seraglio of an eastern prince; but no hint of this magnificence is ever permitted to escape from those stern portals. No merry music of laughter

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ever sounds from within these close-pent interiors to kindle a responsive smile on the face of a passer-by. There are no happy, underfed children playing in these streets, no urchins bowling hoops or spinning tops, no tousle-headed little girls at skipping-rope or hop-scotch. No costermongers ever dare to rend this rarefied atmosphere with their hoarse bellowings, or Cockney roysterers to outrage its virginal calm with their vulgar din and clamor. The tradesmen's carts glide swiftly, smoothly in and out again, with just a whirr of wheels, and a clatter of horses' hoofs, or a teuf-teuf of motor and a mellow hoot of horn; there is a sudden stoppage, a silent descent, footsteps on the flags, and then a murmurous interchange of monosyllables with some underground sprite. After that, silence once more. Even that blithe spirit, the milkman, is awed by the dismal influences of so much portentous grandeur and omits to sound his jocund call within those groves of silence. And the shrill whistling of the errand-boy is chastened to a ruminative modulated note as, soberly and solemnly and painstakingly, he sets about his immemorial task of leaving at each area-gate the wrong parcel of goods.

It is as if each house were a house of death, and as if each corpse awaiting burial behind each set of blinds and curtains were the corpse of mirth.

But running like a sunlit river between bosky banks through this sad maze of lordly dwelling-houses, so coldly aloof in every detail and nuance of their arrogant exclusiveness, there is one broad main thoroughfare that stretches its slow length along past verdant avenues of trees, limitless on the northern side, on the south diversified by gray and russet courts of stately houses. Just for one brief interval there is an ugly wry twist in this fair highway, a sordidness of shops and unlovely houses; but thereafter the road flows wide and smooth once more, ever opening up new wondrous prospects of mingled houses and trees. Hereabout, on either hand, is the chosen abode of true fashion and rank. Here life moves indeed with an orderly, seemly leisureliness. In all these streets there are abundant evidences of a polished, cushioned state of being: in the sumptuous equipages bowling noiselessly along, in the tone of courtliness of which we

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catch a casual echo now and again, and in the elaborately wasteful etiquette that allots two men and a boy to one man's work.

But it is only at night that this world really lives. Then, the windows are softly aglow. Beauty regally adorned trips fussily from curb to doorway in an aura of sweet perfumes, in a cloud of laces and chiffons, with modern cavaliers in their modern armor of starch bowing them to and fro. The air is subtly vibrant with faint echoes of music and dancing, voices and laughter. One can almost hear a beating of wings as if Time were flying indeed. And then, perhaps, this little world within a world may, for a few hours, be reckoned as the nearest thing to Heaven that a city—which is said to be very like Hell—can boast.

For this is the West End. But assuredly the West End is not London.

V

It is a far cry from the West End to this high street in the East End, where from numberless obscure byways a teeming people congregate in the raucous glare of shop-lights. Day in this quarter discloses everywhere, trickling into the main road, a very plague of squalid alleys, eloquent of poverty most abject. The high street itself is by comparison lively and exhilarating. A fine old Gothic church, standing out boldly at its southernmost end amid low-growing trees, lends a touch of graciousness to the scene. Such roads as this you will find traversing a score of similar neighborhoods round about.

They are like mighty cleansing streams in a wilderness of misery and want. The horrid streets lie cheek by jowl in serried rows between them, dark, dirty, noisome, differing from one another not at all save only in the depth of their degradation.

There are gaps in the universal drabness. Here and there church spires point the way to higher things. Theatres, music-halls, picture-palaces, schools of science and other schools, institutes of every kind, libraries and hospitals for the healing of mind and body, break the deadly monotony of the ravelled skein of roofs. The area these districts cover is immense, yet every house is congested with tenants. You may pass through slum

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after slum and find them all essentially alike: narrow streets unevenly paved, between high barren tenements, with black gaps instead of doors and windows accenting their frowsy sameness.

The inhabitants of this slumland are for the most part stunted, deformed, sickly, without a thought beyond the satisfaction of the day's bodily needs. In these regions of famine, hunger is a constant bedfellow; pain and weariness and cold the companions of every hour. The people, when they work at all, work joylessly. They do not talk, but chatter witlessly. They play stupidly. Indeed they employ earnestness and vigor only when they bicker or fight or sin.

But what would you? These are dwellers in a sort of Alsatia. This huddle of alleys, for instance, would be described in a Blue Book as a Criminal Quarter—and sternly, peremptorily forbidden to exist at all. Yet it continues to exist in despite of law and order. The mere configuration of its intorted purlieus seems to have been expressly planned for the bafflement of civilized methods of betterment. Policemen are sometimes murdered within its precincts. But then a murder is hardly a more remarkable incident here than a wedding, whilst ordinary deaths from what are called, with unconscious irony, natural causes, are like the recurring decimal.

Several houses in the main artery of this slum are propped up by great gnarled balks of timber. People live in these crippled edifices on crutches.

There is seldom a door to any of the rooms: they have long ago been chopped up for firewood. There are no railings or bannisters to the stairs: they also have gone up the chimney in smoke. There is usually no glass, and only an occasional sash left in the window-frames. There are only a few broken chimney-pots left. In many of the rooms the flooring is broken into gaping holes through which one peeps down into the room beneath. And as a rule the room beneath has broken flooring also, so that one can catch an oblique glimpse of a segment of backyard, far, far below, with its fat black oozy water-butt perched on a squat massive stool. And one can watch the lean and hungry cats stalking the sparrows there; or see rats and mice sitting up like Christians, and trimming their whiskers, in the

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shadow of the lichenous wall. Or one gravely looks on and considers the fretful jerky activities of slatternly women, hanging out sodden tattered garments on a sagging knotted clothes-line in the intervals of gossip.

There are holes in the roofs of these houses through which the sunlight and the moonlight and the rain and the snow filter into the garrets. In the bitterest winter weather mothers of families will try to stuff up these holes with rags; but the rags will never stay there very long. Sometimes a child is roused out of sleep by the fall of one of these stoppages on its head, and can ever after recall its mad terror as it fought in the pitchy dark with that foul clammy thing which clung about its face blindingly and seemed to clutch its neck with cold wet tentacles like some noisome living creature. . . These holes in the roof must make abiding pictures in the child's mind that shall outlast memory: these holes in which bright constellations swim and glitter, and across which the horn of the moon obtrudes itself like a beckoning finger. Or the moon's disc will cover up one of the apertures and transform it into a glowing lamp of pearl hung in the shifting gloom. These panoramic holes through which childhood—if you can call it childhood—peeps into fairyland! These glimpses of the sky by which its eyes are drawn from the Underworld wherein it would otherwise perish!

A dreadful, fearful Underworld. A Wilderness of Sin infested with crawling atomies as with vermin. A gloomy realm of festering unrest for which there is no peace, no hope, no relief, no salvation. A place of darkness in which children awake in the night to grapple with the unclean thing. And that is what all the poor lost souls down there are doing, all night long and every night, but not by day because there is no day in that foul Tophet. Down there it is all darkness and a nightmare of haunting forms and faces. Faces and forms made visible in the darkness by the phosphorescence of their own corruption. The old old faces of little children. The hideous childishness of senility. They gibber at you as you pass, and flout and mock you in your dreams afterwards, all dabbled with tears and sweat and contorted with pain, yet bursting and swollen with evil mirth at the sight of one another's misery and suffering. They loom

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through the driving reek, pale, spectral, floating on the unclean wind that forever drifts through these malodorous stews of infamy in a never-ending succession of ogling death-masks. Women's faces drift along with these others, weeping with an infantile abandon, making an ugly mouth and letting the big glittering drops ooze from their sunken or rheumy eyes and trickle down their bloated or hollow cheeks. Young men's faces, perplexed and frowning, that should be gay or resolute.

The sky above that intorted maze of charnel-houses is red as if with the vital stream of life as it ebbs out with the dying day. Night comes down as if God frowned.

But above there is a star—a miraculous solitary star!—shining in the ultimate blue like a good deed in a naughty world. Or like the eye of Fate . . . .

Is this London?

If you take a spy-glass into the darkness you will discover that the walls of these houses are marked with lines and arrows and numbers, carefully drawn in chalk. Which means that this is Disappearing London.

VI

This is Suburbia, a region of trams enlivened with much boscage. The houses in the side-streets are mostly small, semi-detached villas, each having a name to itself, and each forming one of a double row of similar jerry-buildings, all fairly new, but many of them composed of such cheap inferior materials that they have already fallen into a state of premature decay. Fly-blown cards in upper-parlor windows intimate delicately that bed-sitting-rooms are to let—"Room" being printed large and "bed-sitting" very small—suitable for respectable young men. Most of the houses are three-storeyed, with two front doors, one leading to the basement, the other—up a flight of six or seven stone steps—to the drawing-room floor. And it is an outstanding peculiarity of these suburban dwellings that though their mistresses are forever at work upon them with all manner of cleansing implements, they seem always to wear a forlorn, discredited aspect. Both sets of steps, more often than not, have an air of

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being dirty and unswept; they seem not to have been hearthstoned for months, although only an hour has passed since the maid was busy on her knees with scrubbing brush and pail. Whorls of dust and a litter of dead twigs and leaves and fragments of torn paper that have been ground underfoot into accumulations of filth are scattered by the wind over these steps and give to the whole frontage a discredited bankrupt appearance.

But Suburbia is not all villas. In every district it is dominated by great wide thoroughfares, closely resembling one another, arteries of traffic, alive with crowds from morn to midnight, and eternally thunderous with a roar of business. These streets are formed of the strangest jumbles of buildings. Monster emporiums, ablaze with lights, break the crazy roof-line of a row of hovels. The latest thing in music-halls and theatres and the penny gaff and the twopenny biograph-show confront one another, rivals for the same public favor. Such streets often extend for miles under various aliases. At night they are brilliant with the nacreous glare of electricity. The hoodlum and the professional City man, the artisan and the clerk, promenade the broad pavements, taking the air. Young men and maidens, their day's work done, meet for mingled purposes of flirtation and horse-play.

That is during the evening. But sometimes, after midnight, the moon makes all things holy, and Suburbia undergoes a metamorphosis. Then the aspect of the jerry-built streets is magically transformed into a semblance of some city of enchantments. A silky mist mingles with the darkness and illumines it. The slated roofs bask in the cold rays as if they had been bathed in a silvern flood. The chimneys with their fantastic cowls are edged and gilded as with the dust of fairy's wings, pale and lustrous. And the profound sky is a sea of visions, a lake of deep imaginings, in which the firmamental hosts ride bright and clear like flickering, floating beacons, a train of lesser lights in the train of the majestic, resplendent moon. The shrubs in the little front-gardens and the tall trees lifting their heads above the house-tops shimmer and glimmer in the mystic glow as if each leaf had been a blade of crystal. It is now a dead, deserted city in which move a few infrequent shadowy figures, as they had been the last sur-

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vivors of the human race, alone and infinitesimally small under the argent light of heaven.

Long, straight avenues, heavily bordered with foliage, debouch upon the empty main thoroughfares where the tram-lines glisten on the gray road like the iridescent trails of a serpent. The shops, all shuttered and grim, stand frowning at one another across the broad way like enemies asleep at their posts. Here they loom vague and nebulous, pricked out with ghostly cabalistics; there they are revealed in all their tawdry banality of vulgar device and shabby effrontery. But the mystery and the magic of the nocturnal glamour has reduced them to their right significance at last. They seem now as mere toys of restless children, set up as part of a silly game, and now abandoned and left to the stark indifference of the night, thus to stand unheeded until morning.

And this is Suburbia also—at its most mystical. But is Suburbia, in any of its multifarious phases, though it forms the greater—or rather the larger—part of London, in any sense expressive of the spirit of the city?

VII

The spirit of London is better expressed, perhaps, in Oxford Street, but only if one is permitted to add to the long stretch of thoroughfare bearing that name its miles of continuation, east and west. This forms a road binding London from Hanwell to Barking, almost straight and clear save for a little kink or two where it enters and again where it leaves the City. There is no other road which leads directly through London as this road does, or reveals so many of its divers aspects.

Oxford Street attains its fullest expression at Oxford Circus. Here it is part fashionable, part commercial. The bold sweep of Regent Street curves southward, cleaving a way between the muddle of nondescript byways that culminate in Soho, and the stately streets and spacious squares which lie on either side of Bond Street as far as Park Lane in one direction and Piccadilly in another.

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There is little that is impressive in the aspect of Oxford Street itself at this point, however. The buildings on either side of the way form a heterogeneous collection of mean bare houses, edifices frankly utilitarian, and ambitious structures that fail of dignity for lack of congruous surroundings. It is its traffic, human and vehicular, that redeems Oxford Street from the commonplace. All sorts and conditions of men and women, from the tatterdemalion newsboy, hoarse and dirty, to the opulent society dame in her furs and silks, beside her shrivelled lord, have their appropriate part and place here; and every kind of conveyance from a motor-car to a truck, from a donkey-shallow bound for Covent Garden to a four-in-hand off to the races, fits into the scheme of the picture.

And to no other representative London centre does this picture apply with the same nicety. Oxford Street, alone amongst all other London thoroughfares and rallying-points, relies on no extraneous aid of striking effects or bizarre entourage for its distinctiveness. It is frankly, starkly representative of average London. It has a solid middle-class look about it, inimitably suggestive of an urbane John Bull. It is London, and the English character, crystallized at its most obvious.

And so it is not London, after all. For there is nothing obvious about London.

VIII

There is certainly nothing obvious—except its unlikeness to all other streets in London—about this out-of-the-way backwash of traffic, primarily a mart as Oxford Street is, in Whitechapel.

For this is Wentworth Street—as a street of ugly plain houses, all built alike on the most cheeseparing lines of economy, nothing remarkable. Each ground-floor consists of a shop, and the curb on either side of the road is cumbered with stalls. In these features also there is nothing to distinguish it from scores of other similar byways similarly planned and built and popularized. But as you worm your way through the press it is easy to imagine that you are in a foreign city.

On every side are un-English faces, un-English wares, un-

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English writings on the walls. The accents of an unknown tongue assail your ears. Your companions are mostly women, Jewesses, the majority wearing the black wigs of the matron over their own scanty locks. There are haggard and blowsy mothers of clinging swarming progenies; and full-blooded girls with dark eyes, languorously bold, ripe red lips and ebon tresses. The men are of two distinct and separate types, the frowsy and the flash. Fish and poultry are the articles of merchandise in which trade is most brisk. At every step you come upon a woman carrying a fluttering fowl or two, or a slab of fish in a basket with *kosher herbs*. There is bountiful good-humor, and nature, too, or the beggars would not be so numerous. This is, however, on week-days only.

On Sundays Wentworth Street is overshadowed by its more famous neighbor, Middlesex Street, still popularly known as Petticoat Lane, then a seething mass of chafferers, but on other days ordinary enough.

Certainly neither Wentworth Street nor Petticoat Lane nor any other foreign quarter, east or west, is London. It is not in the least like the London that most Londoners know. Yet it has its place in the cosmogony of London.

IX

What meaning, then, do we extract from this welter of different Londons, each representative of some characteristic phase of London life, each alike significant of some nuance of the inner spirit of London? I think that if we glean any light at all from this helter-skelter of the unwieldy metropolis it is only a faint sidelight upon the fact already stated: that London is no abiding city.

Other cities, mushroom cities like Birmingham and Liverpool, have already developed and are steadily maintaining their distinctive features. In Birmingham it is arcades—emphatically arcades; in Liverpool an unbroken frontage of docks, a hedge of masts over which the town peeps, abutting on the Mersey in a uniform succession of slips and landing-stages and ship-building

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yards, with here and there tall clock-towers and low-lying pier-heads. But London has its arcades, too; and its docks and its slips and landing stages and ship-building yards, its clock-towers and its pierheads also.

And so it is with every other English town of any marked individuality. London reproduces its salient peculiarities. In London you will be bound to find, sooner or later, somewhere or other, something that approximates or parallels or surpasses or (at least) suggests their finest and rarest achievements in engineering or architecture or municipal enterprise; you will find the prototypes or counterparts of their historic ruins, their slums, their factories and warehouses, their best residential quarters, their parks and squares, their bridges, ways, canals, their vehicles of locomotion, everything that they have supposed is distinctively theirs, set down as it were haphazard and swept aside into some disregarded corner, as if the mind of London were too preoccupied with the intricate vastness of the whole of that larger world outside its gates, and of which it is the acknowledged capital, to bother itself with the insignificant constituents of its own greatness.

That is one of the reasons—though it is not the chief reason—why the Cockney has so little of that spirit of local patriotism which is usually rampant in the provincial. That is the reason why, if he is a true Cockney, he never brags or boasts or cares to vaunt in any way his own native place, or indeed troubles to know it, except by hearsay or accident. That is why, though he himself is the most homeless of town-dwellers, he is generally so much at home in other towns.

And even if the Cockney travelled far afield—as he does not—and explored the four quarters of the civilized globe, he would still find very little to surprise him in any of the great cities, or in the smaller towns either. Our Exhibitions at Earl's Court and Shepherd's Bush have familiarized him with Eastern architecture, and also with the huts and the habits of barbarism. Samples of tropical flora and fauna are on view in Kew Gardens, the Botanical Gardens, the Zoo, and elsewhere. Foreign quarters abound, and living specimens of almost every race under the sun are to be met with in the streets in their native garb. There

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are Russians and Poles in their raw state in Church Lane off the Commercial Road; Orientals of every shade of complexion, from lemon-yellow to black, Turks, Moors, Kabiles, Armenians, Syrians, Persians, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Malayans, Polynesians, and negroes, in Limehouse and Poplar; Italians at their Romish observances in Back Hill, Clerkenwell; Germans in Leman Street and Fitzroy Square; a whole cosmopolitan colony in Soho; and Colonials and Americans everywhere. There is no variety of food or drink or raiment, no domestic appliance or any strange tool or implement or toy or idol, no form of religion or type of literature or school of philosophical or scientific or political thought, that London cannot offer at a price to the stranger within the gates. There is no esoteric form of vice or virtue, disease or sin, no sport, game, recreation, amusement, diversion, or study, that London cannot provide or procure at an hour's notice.

Thus London is all things to all men. . . and rather less than nothing to the typical Cockney, because he alone, citizen of the city of the world, cannot take his stand upon any spot inside its straggling indeterminate borders and say with any sense of emphatic conviction: "This is London."

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PEACE AND HEROISM

General H. M. Chittenden

In popular thought peace means the absence, war the presence, of the strenuous and the heroic. However earnestly one may believe in the righteousness of the peace cause, one unconsciously feels at a disadvantage when argument falls into this particular line. Would you banish the strenuous or heroic from human life? One naturally answers, No; and forthwith the militarist chalks down a score in his favor, for he assumes as self-evident that these are distinctly military virtues and that they are in danger of being lost if war be done away with. How strong is the hold of this idea, even upon educated minds, may be seen in the utterances of the late Professor William James, who in a monograph, *The Moral Equivalent of War,* published a short time before his death, frankly recognized the force of the militarist claim, though he rated himself as "squarely in the anti-militarist party," and considered war "absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity." Similarly, other writers, while registering their conviction unqualifiedly against war, have felt it incumbent to provide some "equivalent" which shall conserve the virtues of militarism after war has become a thing of the past.

Let us examine the grounds of this persistent belief and determine if war really is essential to the development of true heroism or vigor of action in either individuals or nations. In the first place, in plain justice to militarism itself, let us divest the term heroism of its tawdry garniture—everything of a drum-major, opera-bouffe, or pomp-and-circumstance character—and if possible discover what is the genuine underlying reality. Etymologists trace the Greek word *hero* to the same origin as the Latin word *vir,* and the hero thus becomes simply man—man, however, in that loftier sense of which we catch some glimpse in the word manly. The hero is he in whom manliness, or the manly virtues, stand forth, on occasion of great crisis, in extraordinary brilliancy, and who exhibits, as the lexicographers put it, "unusual courage, firmness and fortitude or intellectual great-

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ness," or "distinguished valor, intrepidity or enterprise in danger."

Two conditions, not to mention lesser incidental ones, are essential to any act of heroism. The motive for the act must be good, worthy, or noble, and the act must involve voluntary self-sacrifice. In other words the hero gives up, or offers to give up, or voluntarily risks the loss of, something dear to himself for the accomplishment of what he believes to be a worthy purpose. While heroism, in its deeper meaning, is properly an attribute of moral courage, it is universally associated in the popular mind with physical courage. This is very natural and in a sense very just, for its ultimate expression is sacrifice of life. If a man gives his life he has made the grand sacrifice, for he has given himself. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And so, the world over and in all ages, a willingness to give up one's life—whether to rescue a fellow from peril, to protect the honor of woman, to save from danger those for whom one is responsible, to serve one's country or to defend one's religion—has commanded the homage and admiration of men.

Now war, as the author has elsewhere said, is the "supreme catastrophe to human life." When a man goes to war he goes where the insurance companies will not follow him. Sickness, exposure, fatigue, to say nothing of battle, are the fearful menace which makes home partings at the outbreak of war so unlike all other domestic trials. Those who go away to these certain dangers are invested by their neighbors with an aroma of heroism of which nothing but cowardice or dishonor can ever thereafter deprive them. But even here, the halo which rests upon the soldier's life must be drawn away for the moment, if we are to get at a true estimate of its heroic quality; and when this is done it will be found in the general case that one or the other and often both of the elements of our definition are absent. The point may be waived that in many, probably most, wars a worthy motive is entirely lacking—that is a matter with which the individual soldier has very little to do. But so far as he serves unwillingly or under compulsion, as is the case with the great majority in most wars of long duration, the element of *voluntary*

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self-sacrifice is lacking. Such service may entitle him to sympathy and lasting consideration from his Government, but it has not the heroic quality. It places him rather in the category of many of those helpless victims of the Terror in the French Revolution who became involved in a general catastrophe without reference to any question of principle or voluntary sacrifice on their part. To such service the term heroic cannot be applied in its true sense, as it can, for instance, to the conduct of an officer who stands by his ship and goes down with her to save others when he might have saved himself. War, it is true, furnishes examples of genuine heroism when men voluntarily and on principle take up their country's cause, even in the humblest ranks, without expectation of personal reward; but it is one of the most difficult things in the world to say when this is true and when it is not; and an indulgent Government generally spreads the mantle of charity over all alike and enters upon its roll of honor all who have served it in its hour of danger.

But while war, in the very nature of things, abounds in opportunities for valorous exploits, and its every deed is written large on the page of history, the humbler and quieter sphere of private life affords even more and keener opportunities for the display of true heroism. The physician or nurse who voluntarily goes into a plague-stricken district, the miner who braves the fire-damp to rescue his imprisoned fellows, the crew who stand at their posts while their vessel is sinking, the fireman who scales a tottering wall to save a human life, the patrolman who enters a den of desperadoes at imminent personal risk—whoever in the pursuance of duty, no matter how humble, subordinates his personal safety to that duty—is as much entitled to the commendation of heroism as a soldier who does his duty in war can possibly be.

These opportunities for heroic deeds are everywhere with us and always will be. They may lack the glamour of war and may go unblazoned to the world, but the very humbleness of their status enhances, if anything, their heroic quality. When, therefore, Professor James refers to our "unwillingness to see the supreme theatre [war] of human strenuousness closed," he should, in justice, refer to that other theatre, far more impor-

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tant, which never can be wholly closed. And it seems to the author that his argument admits by implication a fundamental error—that the closing of the military "theatre of human strenuousness" would suppress in any way the heroic quality in human life. This quality is latent in human nature. War cannot create it nor peace destroy. It is there awaiting its opportunity. Life may pass without such opportunity even once presenting itself, but that does not negative its presence.

When the matter is considered from this point of view the fallacy of the argument that war must be continued if we are to perpetuate the heroic in human life is apparent. It amounts to a confusion of the talent itself with the opportunity for its exercise. No one would think of inviting peril and disaster simply to provide such opportunities. As we do not want holocausts or mine explosions or flood or pestilence in order to give us heroes in action, so we do not want war simply to draw forth the heroic in human nature. Neither do we want these perils for mere efficiency's sake. Undoubtedly familiarity with danger enables men to deal with it more effectively. The fireman who has contended with many fires or the ship's crew who have passed through genuine perils at sea, should naturally be better fitted for their work than those who have been trained by drills alone. So, too, actual campaigning is necessary to make a real veteran. But in none of these cases would we think of inviting the catastrophe simply to acquire the efficiency. The point to be insisted upon is that the progressive elimination of these perils, whether in civil or military life, and with it the opportunities for heroic or strenuous effort, will not result in atrophy or decay of these qualities in themselves; and they will shine forth in as great brilliancy when the occasion does arise as if it were a daily occurrence. This does not imply that the cultivation of these virtues should be neglected, even if rarely called into action. We do not neglect fire-drills simply because preventive measures may reduce the occasion for their actual application.

If heroism thus appears to be not an exclusive attribute of militarism, still less so is strenuousness in individual life. It is impossible to find any rational basis for the idea which Professor James elaborates in his own forceful way, that the supremely

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strenuous life is a military one. "A permanently successful peace economy," he says, "cannot be a simple pleasure economy. We must make new energies and hardihoods continue the manliness to which the military mind so faithfully clings." It is to be feared that Professor James has here accepted a plausible militarist plea without testing its validity. Through what observation or experience did he conclude that a peace economy is a simple pleasure economy? Certainly it is not by consulting those who do the real work of the world. The fallacy of this view—for it clearly is fallacy—comes from judging the whole by some exceptional part; from estimating the grand average of military life by some striking feature of endurance and hardship, like the Vicksburg campaign in our Civil War. Such times of stress do indeed inspire us by their proof of man's prodigious capacity, mental and physical, to undergo exertion and accomplish results. They are times which not only "try men's souls," but call into play every power of their being. To use a technical term, they stretch nature almost to its elastic limit—sometimes too near for normal recovery. But taking military life as a whole, it is the soldier that has the easy time and the laborer that has the strenuous time.

We have spoken chiefly of physical courage and toil because they are the most tangible expression of heroism and the strenuous life; but in their true significance these qualities are attributes of moral greatness. The highest type of courage is not physical courage, and the highest type of work is not that which can be done by muscular effort alone. It is the higher moral types that come progressively into play as civilization and enlightenment advance, and their "supreme theatre" of action is in peace. The subordination of self-interest to public duty is one of the many examples which call for a higher courage than mere physical peril exacts. To tell the truth to a prejudiced public, to bid defiance to custom when custom is wrong, to use power without favoritism—how wide is the field of virtue which lies open to him who laments the lapse of the heroic in life! Moral courage, the elder sister of true physical courage, has yet scarcely entered upon its rightful dominion. Its acts may not be rewarded with medals of honor, nor its actors be officially labelled

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heroes, but it is nevertheless the very essence of true greatness in human nature.

An example of mock heroism which comes from subordinating moral courage to physical is seen in the decaying institution of duelling. The duel is the refuge of the moral coward. While the challenge may find a weak spot in mere physical courage, it far oftener sacrifices the finer qualities of moral courage. How many men in the past have thrown away lives which they were bound to conserve, have robbed families of support, have sacrificed their usefulness, in short have been false to every consideration of true heroism, simply because they were *afraid* to refuse a challenge! With fine sarcasm General Grant says in his memoirs: "I do not believe I would ever have the courage to fight a duel." And Carlyle expresses his rugged disdain for this kind of heroism when he says: "God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous manikins here below!"

Closely akin to this false standard of heroism is the grandiloquent hypocrisy of martial proclamations and manifestoes of many of even the world's greatest generals and rulers. Let one gather together this class of literature in the past two centuries and it will constitute in the mass, though there are noble exceptions, a monument to the insincerity and credulity of human nature which would be unbelievable if it were not so well authenticated. To associate the quality of heroism with depravity of that sort is to debase it beyond recognition.

The subject has so far been treated from the point of the individual; equally pertinent, however, is the argument when applied to the State as a whole. For the heroic and the strenuous are a vital feature of national as of individual character. There are duties to be performed, work to be done, which society in its collective capacity is alone capable of doing. We are accustomed to think of war as the only enterprise which can call forth the combined energies of a people; yet this view is really a survival of the long past in which war *has* been the one such enterprise. But times have changed. Now, at least, if not heretofore, there is work on a grand scale worthy of the highest devotion of a nation's efforts. There are battles to be fought—with

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nature and with man—not less important than the battles of old, though their fields of action may not be baptized, as they were then, in men's blood.

Perhaps the idea can be best illustrated by a concrete example. In 1898 this Government fought a short and decisive war to accomplish a definite purpose. Stripped of certain unpleasant features which no great movement can wholly escape, its purpose was wholly altruistic—the correction of political abuses which otherwise might have continued indefinitely. The war cost a great deal of money, many lives, and involved some unexpected, if not undesirable, results; but on the whole posterity will approve it as something necessary to be done and which apparently could not have been done with the same thoroughness in any other way.

Since that time we have undertaken another war—for it is not a violent stretch of fancy to apply this term to the conquest of Panama. It is a war against the obstacles of nature, against disease and pestilence, its purpose truly national and worthy, and its magnitude beyond the resources of any lesser agency than the Government. Its cost is about the same as what the Spanish War would have cost, if managed on an efficient basis. The number of men, with the length of time engaged, make a greater amount of service than the armed struggle required.

Now while these two great and necessary tasks fell to our nation to accomplish, the second is by far the more valuable and inspiring as an example for the future. It is constructive without involving destruction. Instead of accomplishing a work through the agency of armed conflict with all its debasing accompaniments, it proceeds on exactly the opposite principle. There is greater efficiency, equal earnestness and devotion, a higher moral tone, and with it all a combination of effort which the most thoroughly organized military movement would find it difficult to surpass. More than this, the experience gained by those who serve in this great campaign will be of direct value when they return to ordinary vocations, whereas the effect of war service is rather to disqualify. Incidentally, and perhaps most important of all, is the definite proof which this enterprise furnishes that Government—the agency of a people acting collectively—

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can grapple with great civil problems as efficiently as with military, as efficiently even as the best organized industrial corporations of the present day. As an object lesson in many ways it stands foremost among the mighty achievements of history. As an example of national heroism—the making of a great sacrifice to accomplish a worthy purpose—it may rank with the most righteous wars.

This superb example of national effort should become a mighty bulwark of the peace cause, for it effectually refutes the militarist claim that without war real concentration of national energy is impossible. And it places before peace advocates a higher ideal than they are generally credited with holding. Peace, permanent peace, should not mean relaxation of effort so much as diversion of effort into worthier channels. If the sole purpose of disarmament were to reduce taxation, it would not be in the fullest sense worth while. Sacrifice, effort, self-denial are essential to healthy development with nations as with men. A people should never begrudge a generous contribution to the common purse, if assured that it will be used for a worthy end. National defence is indeed such an end, so long as danger of aggression exists; but the pursuits of peace are more to be desired. Tribute so used is constructive, not destructive; increase, not waste; human uplift, whereas too often war is the exact opposite.

And these possibilities are not confined to the conquest of material nature; they include the conquest of the evil side of human nature in all its public phases. The ancient feudal castle, so often used as a base of operations in despoiling the surrounding country and exacting tribute from the weak, no longer exists as a physical fact; but there do exist more powerful and relentless tyrannies in the superior sagacity, skill and other intellectual gifts by which to a great extent the products of human effort go to those not entitled to them. The myriad legions of graft—that term which so aptly describes the chief iniquity of social conditions in this and every other age—are ever in the field to be fought and overcome. Social problems of tremendous magnitude await the earnest energy of minds now devoted to the problems of war. In this invisible theatre of action the mighti-

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est campaigns and hardest battles of civilization still remain to be fought.

War against physical nature and the evils of human nature and their ultimate subjugation to the intellectual and spiritual dominion of man, constitute a struggle which will give ample scope to the energies of the race beyond our remotest ken. We cannot even guess its ultimate possibilities; but so long as there are mountain barriers to be overcome, floods to be controlled, deserts and swamps to be reclaimed; or so long as men are denied equal opportunities, and "predatory wealth" has any other than a historic meaning, man need not feel that war is necessary to call forth the best there is in him. The age of true heroism, the age of the ideal "strenuous life"—when some philosopher of the distant future shall write a history of civilization—will not be that of Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon, but of those later periods when the energy of the race is directed to friendly coöperation instead of bloody conflict or incessant preparation therefor. It will be an age in which every virtue of militarism will find a higher and fuller expression, while its manifest vices, and particularly the horrors of war, will be laid aside. Let nations wage all the Panama wars that they like—the more the better:—but let them outgrow as rapidly as possible their Gravelottes and Plevnas and Port Arthurs.

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THE DAY OF THE SPINSTER

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

THE day of the spinster did not dawn until women, married and single, and of all ages, had generally ceased to use the distaff and the spinning-wheel. The name came, indeed, from the useful service rendered by maidens, young and old, in the days of domestic handicraft, when the economic pressure was so heavy upon the house-mother that she could not fulfil her task without the labor of the unmarried in the home. But "spinster" came early to have a legal significance as descriptive of the unmarried state of an adult woman, just as still earlier the word "distaff" stood for collective womanhood; Dryden saying of woman's rule, "The crown usurped, a distaff on the throne." So closely related were woman's work and woman's existence in ancient law and custom, that the name of her labor became the title for herself. To-day we use the word spinster in colloquial speech as the designation of all sorts of maidens, of "certain" or "uncertain" age. The spinster may be the lady who must never be called anything which suggests hard work; she may be the "bachelor girl" whose professional success assures her an independent habitation and high social standing; she may be the working-woman whose manual or commercial labor ensures her her own latch-key and her own bank-book; she may be, and often is, the staid teacher upon whom is placed the heaviest burden of public service borne by any class in the United States. In any case, the modern spinster has at last her innings in the great game of life.

Celibacy, although said to be a practice of the ants and bees for economic reasons in the division of labor, is, comparatively speaking, a recent experience of the human race. In primitive life no one, man or woman, could shirk the duty of marriage and of participation in the race life through parenthood. The whole system of ancient social order was based upon this universal sharing of the marriage state. The early religion of ancestor-worship, the customs of family ritual which ruled all details of existence, the basis of property rights and of political privileges

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in specific forms of descent and relationship, these all demanded the active membership of all adults in the family. The ancient Hindu law declared, "The extinction of a family causes the ruin of the religion of that family; the ancestors, deprived of the offerings of sons, fall into the abode of the unhappy." At Athens the law made it the duty of the first magistrate to "see that no family became extinct"; and Cicero said, "There is no one so careless about himself as to wish to leave his family without descendants; for then there would be no one to render him that worship which is due the dead." Because of this religious basis of the family the sterile wife must be divorced, the sterile husband must raise him up sons from a brother or other relative, or by adoption an heir must be secured; as the Hindu law put it, "He to whom Nature has denied a son may adopt one so that the funeral ceremonies shall not cease." This demand of ancient society that each man should have a son to carry on the worship of the dead has no longer place in our thought; when we deplore celibacy or "race suicide," it is in the interest of the future, not the past; the unborn, not the dead. We need, therefore, to think ourselves back in order to realize in any degree the religious significance of marriage. The hearth-fire that in Greece and Rome was so sacred that it must never be neglected, dates back to earliest Aryan life. "Agni," says the Rig Veda, "must be invoked before all other gods." The sacredness of this fire was attested by the fact that no criminal or wrong-doer could approach it until he had purified himself; and not even in legal marriage could the union of the sexes be brought too near it. When the gods became persons, the Hearth-fire became Vesta, whom Ovid declared to be "naught but a living flame"; Vesta, the virgin goddess, "neither fecundity nor power, but order, moral order"; the "universal soul." Marriage, however, was a religious necessity; and for that reason, in Rome a man who had enough children felt it a duty to lend his wife, either temporarily or for life, to some childless man; while in Sparta, although a man should lend his wife for kindred purposes, he was required to keep her in his own house, and, if old and decrepit, should invite under his roof some young and strong man to bear him children. Lycurgus had women marry when

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"of full age and inclination," while Romans gave their daughters in marriage at twelve years and under; but all women in the ancient world had to marry, and primitive customs of all ages and lands multiply varieties of dealing with this inexorable command. Not only must the ancient woman be married once, but she must be married all her life, or suffer, as in India, terrible penalties. If a widow, she must be replaced under a new husband's control as speedily as possible, lest she get into mischief; if deserted, she must find her sole protection and support in marital rearrangement. In any case, not until our own civilization is reached do we anywhere find celibate women numerous enough to form a class.

Men were first allowed some freedom not to marry, but this was grudgingly given and with many penalties for the idiosyncrasy. In Sparta, we are told, bachelors were under ban, disfranchised by law, excluded from witnessing the great public processions which were the pride of the State; and in winter time compelled to march naked around the market-place, singing as they went a song testifying to their own disgrace by which they "justly suffered punishment." And in this land, so insistent in all other respects upon reverence for the aged, there was one exception: a youth might refuse, and without reproof, to rise and give a seat to a venerable bachelor, even to one who had done honorable service for the State, saying, "No son of yours will ever rise to give me a seat." This punishment of the bachelor has been common in many ages and countries, and extended down to the early days of our own history. In Connecticut, in 1636, a law was passed which would not "allow any young unmarried man to keep house," and Hartford taxed "lone-men twenty shillings a week" for the "selfish luxury of solitary living." In 1682 a special town order gave permission for two bachelors to keep house together, "so they carry themselves soberly and do not entertain idle persons to the evil expense of time by day or night," while as late as the eighteenth century, a general statute of Connecticut forbade any "householder" under penalty of fine to "give entertainment or habitation to single persons without special allowance of the selectmen; and such Bourders, Sojourners and Young persons" as they were permitted to enter-

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tain were required to " attend the worship of God in the families where they live and be otherwise subject to the family discipline or pay five shillings for every breach of the law." In Rhode Island, although not so strict a community as that of Connecticut, " single persons of three months' residence must pay a special tax of five shillings," while the " rate of faculties and personal abilities " was left to the discretion of the assessors. One wonders in this case whether pride in " personal abilities " or thrift in saving operated most strongly on the taxpayer's mind! In Plymouth the law declared that " Whereas great Inconvenience hath arisen by single persons in this Collonie being for themselves and not betaking themselves to live in well-gouverned families, no single person shall be suffered hereafter to live by himself but such as the selectmen permit "; and in Massachusetts there was a general statute that placed all " single persons who take journeys merely for pleasure," under suspicion in such manner that they could easily be haled to court and made to pay " forty shillings," or go to jail if they could not give a satisfactory account of themselves. " Single men " in Massachusetts for a long time could be " convicted of living from under family government " and made to " submit themselves to some family rule," and put on probation, as it were, being required to " bring with them to Court a certificate " that they had thus mended their independent ways.

There was little trouble with " old maids " in a society in which, as in colonial days, and early post-revolutionary times, women were at such a premium because of economic value as workers, that young girls married very early, and a widow might expect (as was the case with one of Judge Sewall's friends) to be invited to " keep house together " by a widower who attended her home from her husband's funeral! Yet there were a few women called " antient maydes " at the great age of twenty-five years! " An old maid in Boston is thought such a curse as nothing can exceed it and looked upon as a dismal spectacle," says John Dunton in his *Life and Errors;* but nevertheless he praises one such who by her " good-nature, gravity and strict virtue convinces all that it is not her necessity but her choice that keeps her virgin. Now about thirty," he adds, "the age which they

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call a Thornback, yet she never disguises herself and talks as little as she thinks of love." Courtship, also, was under strict rule when a man in New England might be fined and even given corporal punishment for making any "motion of marriage to any man's daughter or maydeservant without first having obtained leave of the parents or master." So that marriage itself was not easy, it would seem, in those days, unless one always chose with the parents; but, to refrain from marriage, with such a sentiment against old maids (even in Boston!), must have been almost impossible, even for the most hardened or good-natured "Thornback."

Although, however, primitive life allowed few women, if any, to escape mating in some fashion, and although all sorts of difficulties later encompassed the path of the woman who chose not to marry, or who wished to marry against the parents' wish, there were some women, as we know, in classic civilization, who stayed outside the marriage bond and yet attained a place of peculiar social power. The unique phenomenon of the hetaira in Greece testifies, among other things, to the fact that no class in society can be permanently shut entirely out of the leading influences of their time and country. While the Greek wife had no part in the intellectual development which was her husband's privilege, by the sure law of nature, fathers in Greece, as elsewhere, gave daughters mental gifts; and some of those daughters broke the bars of the home cage to become the only free and educated class of women in Athens by the only manner of life open to them. Only courtesans among women shared the glories of the Age of Pericles, and they thus formed the one *élite* class of "irregular women" the world has known or probably will ever know. Given a land where beauty was worshipped as the highest good, a land in which not abstinence but temperance in all physical indulgence was the law of virtue, a land that by a strange inconsistency in evolution left the mothers wholly behind in mental training and stimulus, it is not quite strange that the rare combination of beauty, devotion to study, interest in public affairs and intellectual gifts should have made a few women outside of marriage chief representatives of the higher companionships of the sexes. Only for such reasons could Socrates, chief

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moralist of his day and country, see it right to record his indebtedness to one such courtesan for her aid in his teachings and in his public service, and visit others of her class as equals and honored friends. This shows their high standing among the great and good; but perhaps excuses, even then, the acrimony of poor Xantippe! That many men took their wives and even their daughters into the houses where these brilliant women held court is proof that they were not denied "good society," and hence were not outside the pale, and hence again could never have suffered deep disgrace. For the sake of their learning and their wisdom in public affairs and their constant devotion to their lovers' work, a few such women have come down to us in the grateful memoirs of great men, in proof that they broke the bonds of women's duty to the family for the sake of freedom and at the behest of unquenchable impulse toward the mental and even the moral development of their age. The Vestal Virgins of Rome trod another path toward independence and self-development. These and the Flamens, as is well known, constituted the most sacred religious orders of the Imperial City; and while the Flamens were the symbolical priests of domestic life (even the death of a wife making them ineligible for service in the temple), the Vestals, in their guarding of the sacred fire of the city, symbolized that spiritual essence of devotion for which the celibate only was deemed sufficiently pure.

The history of the courtesan class of Athens and that of the Vestals of Rome outlines the only two ways in which the women of the past could attain a life of their own detached from the family. This first class had its parallel in a group of Grecian men. When Roman citizenship was the most desired of political conditions, we read that many freemen of Greek cities sold themselves as slaves to Roman citizens in order that manumission might carry with it induction into Roman citizenship. So some women of Athens sold themselves to rich men of intellectual and social power, in order that they might gain entrance into the true life of their country; or foreign women thus escaped the manual labor of ordinary slavery, with its accompanying degradation. But because the courtesan could never have the State behind her in support of her claims upon the community

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(as even the enslaved wife of the Greek citizen could do for her narrow range of rights in marriage), she could never be manumitted into true freedom; and like all women supported by the personal favor of men outside the family life, her last estate was often worse than the first, and left her friendless in the city she loved.

The Vestals, on the other hand, were a picturesque embodiment of the city's reverence and the city's pride. The altar flame they guarded was the symbol of the collective worship of the many families that had united to build the city. For that reason the high honors which were paid them had a civic dignity which made magistrates step aside for them in the streets, which made criminals flee to their all-powerful protection for succor, which made their persons sacred even from careless touch, and gave them rights over their estates only equalled by the mothers of three children when the right of other women to personal property was finally recognized. The Vestals had also their parallel in Roman history, in the Stoics, who, in the time of Rome's decadence, lived in their world but not of it, and guarded in sublime isolation, amidst the bestiality and greed of their time, the sacred flame of a pure patriotism and a noble humanity.

It must always be remembered in considering the paths by which freedom and opportunity have been opened to women, that so long as religion was of the family, or the city, of the nation or the race alone, woman had in it no place of her own. The head of the Jewish household determined the faith of the family and the wife and mother would have been the last of the flock to differ from the patriarch. In all ethnic religions, which are but family faiths writ large in racial types, the sons of the family alone bear the torch of devotion from generation to generation. There are exceptions in the position of priestesses and sibyls; and in the old Teutonic strain are many traces of freedom and power among the women: but the civilizations that have stamped our laws are those in which all descent, spiritual, political and monetary, has been "through males and the descendants of males." The simple liberty of personal choice as human beings, which is now granted to women as to men, was unthought of in any past we know. To make it possible for the respectable

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woman, and for the secular woman and for the average woman, to refuse marriage or to live a normal life without a husband, it was necessary that at least two world-events of supreme importance should occur. One was the proclamation of Christianity, that every individual, " Jew and Gentile, male and female, bond and free," had a right to his or her own soul, and must bear individual responsibility for its salvation. Buddha before had announced, " My law is a law for all," and had thereby broken the outer wall of caste in India. For our civilization, however, the first Bill of Rights for women was the spiritual Magna Carta that sent every human being to the altar solitary and by inner compulsion. Priests might afterward assume powers of exclusive representation of the divine, but even then each soul must receive this ministration on its own account and for its own behoof. Under Paganism in Asia Minor women had held high priesthoods and official rank and office; and in the last days of the Roman Empire highly placed women had received personal property rights and power to plead in courts and to order their lives freely as never before. Latin Christianity lost to woman much of this freedom, it is true; and after a time degraded its conception of womanhood by teaching ascetic disdain of marriage. One thing, however, Christianity gave women in the mass —a dignity they lacked before, this direct approach as individuals to the Infinite Ideal. Symbolized as that Ideal was, in the feminine virtues of Jesus, the imagination of women was appealed to in a new and intense fashion, and women in crowds took advantage of their new spiritual franchise. The chaos of the time when the old order was breaking up and the new not yet formed, the separation of families, the woeful plight of young maidens bereft of protectors, the poverty of the old nobility, all did much to cast a large class of gentlewomen helpless upon the world. This made the establishment of religious houses a natural and necessary thing. But nothing did so much to give women a high position in the early Church, or to establish for them unique careers in those religious houses, as the doctrine that the woman and the slave, as truly as the man and the master, whether inside or outside the family bond, must worship as equals and each manage his or her own spiritual concerns in individual responsi-

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bility. This it was which made it honorable for women as for men to follow the Inner Light.

The Christian Church thus early offered women such a place of power as they had not held before. Education, art, affairs, companionship with learned men and rulers of States, these all belonged to the realm of influence and activity presided over by the Lady Abbess. Great property holdings were hers, in her own name and the name of her order. Like St. Hilda, under whom several bishops were trained, she sometimes presided over mixed religious houses. In many cases she must be summoned to Parliament, like great lords, but might send a proxy; and often she furnished military forces second only to those of kings. That Spanish abbess who ruled sixty towns and villages; those two women rulers of the Holy Empire, who in Germany issued coins on their own account and were represented in the Imperial Diet, were but a few of the great ladies who gained their highest powers of achievement through the Church. If women of this class lost, later on, their rule if not their influence in the conventual orders, some of the most noble and able live now as canonized saints.

The Lady Abbess was not always a maiden; she was often a widow, and sometimes a wife whose desertion of her husband and her family was counted to her for righteousness, if she embraced the true faith and he and they did not. But she must be celibate at least in profession while she held her stately offices. She thus introduced to the ideal conceptions of humanity a new sort of woman; one who could be reverenced, and powerful, lovely and happy, and yet be independent of the family relationship. She thus made the modern spinster possible.

A second great world-event, without which the day of the spinster could not have dawned, was the abolition of slavery, the establishment of the legal right of the manual laborer to his own liberty and to his own possession of the fruit of his toil. Slavery is yet so near to us that we can smell its torment. It has been for man the debauchery and the exploitation of his work-power, that which is the commodity by which he must buy his right to " life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Slavery was for woman, besides this, the debauchery and the exploitation

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of her sex-relationship. Looking over the world to-day, how few are the women who have emerged from this double despotism! The savage woman still is held by customs that treat her person as a communal property; the women of oriental civilizations still are segregated as members of the sex that must be watched and guarded; the very princesses of royal houses (which preserve in unreal pageant the outgrown customs of the past) are still given in marriage for purposes of State; unenlightened parenthood still barters its daughters in the marriage market for place and money; the day of woman's self-ownership and self-direction as a responsible human being has hardly yet dawned for the mass of the world's women. But for these few who have arrived as persons there is a new freedom and a new enticement to activity and a new embarrassment of riches in personal choice which are almost an intoxication of liberty.

Of this new draught, the unmarried woman of to-day drinks the deepest and with the easiest abandon. Liberty brings its dangers as well as its delights, and the pathology of woman's independent work and the consequences to her, as to others newly emancipated, of having liberty before receiving preparation, are sometimes in sad evidence. But the spinster, as we now consider her, is that woman who is at the top of the new opportunity, not beneath it. As such, she is opening, in this, her day, new avenues of work for woman, and applying the general rules of labor to her own case with success. She is thronging the courts of higher learning and making significant her entrance therein. She is winning distinction in all the higher professions. She is becoming at ease in commercial spheres in the business offices of the world. She is acting as close second to many of the greatest and most useful men of the time as secretary and helper. She is proving, over and over again, with that cumulative guarantee of success which is the only way of impressing the mass intelligence, that women's bodies, brains, powers of constant and effective activity and moral characters can stand the strain of manual, clerical, professional and artistic service on a high level of competition with men. Scientific research, the gathering and applying of statistics, the administering of great concerns of civic and State affairs—in each and all of the great divisions of

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specialized labor the spinster is making good in a quite new fashion for women. No equal number of married women of equal ability or of occasional opportunity to demonstrate greater ability than the majority of able spinsters show, could make this cumulative proof of women's independent powers. The demands of marriage and maternity which for many years require a daily choice as to which of several duties shall rank first in honor and requirement, hinder a straight course to a single aim. The obvious proof of woman's ability as individual worker must therefore first be made by those of persistent and uninterrupted vocational work, those who can enter without personal doubts or social opposition the man-made channels of modern labor, and enter to stay. Whatever may later be done to enhance the value and effectiveness of women's lives when divided between family claims, the lighter and more intimate social services, and personal achievements, the first common appreciation of feminine power in so-called masculine fields of effort must be the result largely of the work of the spinster and the young widow. Women unencumbered by the claims of children to immediate and personal ministration, unfettered by the need to balance at every step their husbands' economic and professional success against their own, can alone walk this new road of free competition in sufficient numbers to make a broad pathway of commonly accepted opportunity for their sex. The day of the spinster has, therefore, great social value in this respect. No one can doubt this who believes that we ought to have a democratic State, and that a democratic State must rest at last upon a democratic home, and that a democratic home is only possible when there are "two heads in council" as well as "two hearts that beat as one," and who sees clearly that there can never be two heads equal in wise counsel until both have access to the high disciplines of rational responsibility and full development of personality.

That the spinster, as we know her, is to last forever as a large class, or that her day is the beginning of a social millennium which is to make over all women into her economic similitude, we cannot think yet proved. The complacent assurance which Dr. Sheavyn expresses that there will be always "need for a large

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class of disengaged or detached women," as she calls the spinsters, to do the larger social work of womanhood, the teaching and caretaking and the safeguarding of young and ignorant women in inspectorships and the like, cannot be shared by all of us. It is the normal and the average that in the long run must serve the purposes of social uplift. The unusual and the "variant" may serve peculiarly some preparatory process for a higher plane of common life. The Japanese, for example, had to enter the family of nations through the gateway of military achievement, a backward reach for a forward step. We all hope, however, that the union of Orient and Occident will bring the races together in sympathetic understanding in a way to give a new assurance of the needlessness of war. So must women enter all the higher paths of intellectual life and achievement through the hard and fast lines of specialization which men have laid down for their own guidance; and often to the narrowing and mechanizing of the feminine nature. This means that the women who "survive" and succeed in the competitive struggle with men for positions of place and financial power must be, for the most part, those to whom the purely intellectual or the personally ambitious makes strongest appeal. This means again that in those women who can most easily maintain a lifelong and successful equality of effort with men (at least in the present commercialized organization of even the higher life of thought and imagination), the individuating sense must be keen, and the power of grasping all those opportunities that make for self-advantage strong. This means again that in the long reaches of selective influences, should the day of the spinster continue unchanged by any new social impulse, we might breed a "detached class of women," who should form the intellectual and economic *élite* of the sex, and leave marriage and maternity for the less developed women. A writer already speaks easily of "marriage as the frequent refuge for the incompetent woman"; and long ago we read of a woman poet of the very "minor" variety, that she "was obliged reluctantly to resort to marriage as a recourse from destitution." The biting acid of Cicely Hamilton's *Marriage as a Trade* eats away all flesh of sentiment and blood of affection and even sinew of moral appeal, to leave of marriage a skeleton of economic

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bargain in which man intentionally cheapens the ware he would purchase to lower its price, and woman is the poverty-bound seller who must take what can be got. The satisfaction this author reveals at the growing company of independent women who refuse to enter the matrimonial market and who become comfortable and happy in their own way, indicates that so far as her influence goes, she would have all girls of high quality become too prudent to "fall in love," and would not be made uneasy at a great army of the "best women" encamped for all time outside the home life. The sober sense of others, however, already affirms that "we cannot countenance a theory which deliberately leaves maternity for the less intellectual." It is surely imperative that maternity be not left chiefly to those who cannot make the highest success in any other craft. If marriage should become, even for a generation or two, chiefly a refuge from destitution or a harbor from the world of individual effort for those who have failed, the disastrous results would be a heavy burden for later times. Unless, indeed, as one has passionately declared, "it is best to force God to a finish with humanity," we cannot contemplate with equanimity any ranking of womanhood that gives to motherhood the least developed persons. Hence we may well look upon the day of the spinster as but a bridge of feminine achievement—which shall connect the merely good mother with the mother that shall be both wise and good; just as the women's clubs and segregated enterprises of women, important and useful as many of them are, constitute at best the training schools in which women are preparing for full and equal participation in social control of the higher interests of life.

One figure rises before us to-day as the embodiment in peculiar fashion and largest measure of the social value of the spinster in this, her day. This figure is the woman head of the Social Settlement. The Settlement is the modern retranslation of the early Christian brotherhoods and sisterhoods. As the monastery and the abbey and the humble convent for women, in a time of social change, preserved the learning of the past and found place and useful work for men, women and children left without family support and protection in the wreck of the patriarchal order, as they formed centres of order and industry, charity and teaching,

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and gave high companionship to the leaders of thought and of social power, so the Settlement has arisen in our day of profound social reorganization as a fresh instrument of interpretation and progress. It is set to aid by conscious purpose the movement which stirs in all modern life, the movement to spiritualize democracy and to make religion social as well as personal, in function and in aim. In this new venture in fraternity life men have indeed been prominent, and there are not wanting instances of successful use of this instrument of social leadership by husbands and wives with young children, who manage to harmonize a fine domesticity with public household arrangements, and to preserve for their children a right atmosphere in a wrong environment. There are also a few happily suggestive cases of older couples, upon whom the demands of parenthood do not press, undertaking the conduct of a neighborhood house. Yet for all this, the Settlement is essentially, distinctly and logically a celibate movement. It is also, to a great extent, a movement of celibate womanhood, the bachelors among the Settlement workers being a less numerous and less stationary class than the maidens. No one can study this movement without appreciating its social value. This is a time of such profound political, economic and domestic reorganization that apparently only some agency outside the Family, the School and the Church, distinct from State and free from the domination of the Industrial Order, can make clear to the common perception what these basic institutions of society were meant to become in a spiritualized democracy. This agency must seemingly be one capable of arousing popular interest and stimulating the idealism of youth by picturesque and unusual features. In answer to this demand, the Settlement has arisen to carry—often with unsteady hand and confused step, it must be confessed—the torch of illumination from the past to the future. In the course of time it seems clear that the Settlement movement will be absorbed by the basic and permanent institutions of society, perhaps by the Church on the ideal, and by the School on the practical side. Such a process, however, would but enhance, not diminish, the present value of this new Order of Social Service. In this Order women are taking first rank. Those women who are at the head of some

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of the most important Settlements of our largest cities not infrequently hold chief places of light and leading in their communities. The Lady Abbess reappears to-day as the administrative head of such neighborhood houses. Like the Lady Abbess of the early centuries of the Christian Church, her modern counterpart leaves her family, not to "retire from the world," but to enter its larger life. She obtains thereby, like her prototype, the special companionship of men of affairs, carrying into mixed counsels of high debate, in which she is often the first or chief of women to enter, not only the distinction of her personality, but the great weight of her institution. Like the Lady Abbess also, the head of the modern Settlement has an immense social advantage in being able to live simply and even frugally while retaining the dignity that now attaches to choice of such a way of life rather than of compulsion toward it by reason of slender means. Most ministers of religion, teachers and other social workers have to be prudent and to live amid surroundings not to be chosen for their beauty. The Settlement worker, rich or poor, is invested by the popular imagination with the power to live anywhere, but with a noble choice of the locality that seems to need her most. Moreover, her community life enables her to entertain in the easiest fashion not only men and women of great importance in the world of art, education, of statecraft, and of social leadership, but even "Opulence" itself covets invitation to her "dinners" in which free rein is given the social imagination and the flow of soul makes up for the slender menu even to the confirmed sybarite! The woman head of the modern Settlement has thus established a new type of salon. So much is this the fact, that the larger and better known Settlements, so far from being places of self-sacrifice, are the most coveted of social opportunities by young people of keen perception, high ambitions and wide out-look, who yet lack the wealth or family position for independent leadership. In this respect the Settlements presided over by women peculiarly resemble the abbeys and mixed religious houses of the first centuries of the Christian Church. The Lady Abbess of modern times is thus doing a finer and more vital work for social culture than even that of the more external philanthropy which she shares with

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men of her class—she is preserving the best of the old feminine ideal in the new conditions, to dower with it, let us hope, the collective womanhood of the future.

The spinster who is succeeding in efficient and well-paid work in any intellectual or business line, in free and open competition with men, and through a long course of uninterrupted personal achievement, is doing an inestimable service to her sex and to society by proving beyond peradventure that the higher education of women and the vocational independency and the economic security of women are socially worth while. Such successful work of the unmarried woman is showing clearly that women in general only lack opportunity and preparation to do a fair share of the world's most esteemed work. This must in time react upon the home life to raise domestic standards and make mothers more efficient. The spinster of to-day, therefore, is contributing largely to social culture when she is simply earning her own living, on as high a plane as she can attain, and with fidelity and some sense of social relationship. She need not affect the sentimental intensity of Olive Schreiner's approach to woman's work to prove her usefulness. The less conscious she is of any "heroic mission," and the more definite and practical she is in her work, probably the more she is wanted and the better she fulfils her function in the modern world.

The woman head of a great Settlement, however, one which has a recognized place in the social control, reform and uplift of a vast city, adds to these services to womanhood and the race another and a priceless one. She carries into the new freedom and power of womanhood the old ideal of woman's consecrated service to her kind, translated in modern terms. She might be painted as the new Portia pleading at the bar of Justice, her cap and gown not assumed for the occasion, but worn by right as certificate of her assured place in the world of letters and of thought, not used as a disguise, but as token of her official standing. She should be painted, not as playing a part for the sake of a lover, but in serious earnest responding to the call of the Time Spirit with a passionate affection for Good. She should be represented facing the Judges of the earth, and the powers of the underworld of greed and oppression, with her womanhood

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in frank bravery confessed, not concealed, and making majestic and moving appeal for her clients. Her clients—the neglected children, the wayward girls for whose mishaps society itself should be scourged, the rebellious boys whose unsteady feet have never known true guidance, the men and women incompetent to life's demands because a grudging fate has given them so small a portion of life itself, the prisoners whose poverty and ignorance demand a special plea, the " stranger within the gates " who rightly claims a friendly interpreter, the despised and misjudged whom race prejudice alone makes alien, the heroic but defeated on the field of labor who go down as those who face too heavy odds at cannon-mouth—these are her clients!

Our modern Portias, Attorneys of Compassion, to whom all juries must at last give heed, these are they who make radiant with prophecy this day of the spinster.

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THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD

A Chinese Philosopher's Plan for Universal Happiness

GEORGE SOULIÉ

I

A NEW work has just been published in China upon State socialism and future government for the globe. The author studies the conditions under which men might attain the greatest happiness. He foresees the formation of a general union of the nations upon the basis of a complete reorganization of society.

The boldness of the conceptions which are presented in this volume would seem excessive and exaggerated if the personality of the writer, whose influence for some time has been considerable in China, and the celebrity which he still enjoys in Asia, did not give the ideas he puts forward almost the weight of a party programme.

K'ang Yeou-Wei, a native of Canton, passed successively the literary examinations which give the right to the glorious titles, "elegant talent," "eminent man," and "admitted among the literati." He was appointed, at Peking, editor of the Department of Accounts just at the time the Emperor, having received the power from the hands of the Dowager Empress, was beginning to decree the first administrative reforms. Attracted by the reports K'ang Yeou-Wei sent him, he received him at a public audience for the first time on the 16th of June, 1898. From that date private receptions were daily, and edicts rapidly succeeded each other, overturning the entire organization of the Empire, creating an army, a system of public instruction, general finances, and, a serious matter, suppressing a large number of useless functions.

The dignitaries whose sinecures thus disappeared joined all who saw their offices threatened, and those on whom the new laws imposed increased labor; that is, the dissatisfaction among office-holders was universal. They complained to the Dowager Em-

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press: the latter learned elsewhere that her nephew was preparing an edict exiling her from the Summer Palace. She instantly resumed the exercise of power, with the approval of the Ministers and Princes, and the repressions began. The Emperor, shut up in a pavilion on the great lake of the imperial garden, was tortured, beaten, and branded with red-hot irons. All the reformers who could be seized were instantly executed; two censors, a prefect and two academicians were thus executed without sentence.

K'ang Yeou-Wei, warned in time, had embarked at Tientsin upon an English steamer, the *Chung-King*. The Chinese authorities, when they discovered it, sent a gunboat in pursuit. An English cruiser, the *Fortune,* sent from Shanghai, was forced to escort to Hong Kong the steamer conveying K'ang Yeou-Wei. Fleeing successively to Singapore, and then to Java, the reformer condemned to the death of being cut into pieces, at last found a shelter near Nagasaki, under the constant protection of the Japanese police.

II

In the peace of the retreat in which he had taken refuge in Japan, K'ang Yeou-Wei, forgetting the troubles caused by his first reforms, has occupied himself with the changes to be made in society, studied the deep motives of human actions, and on these foundations established by logical deductions the form the social edifice must take to facilitate the full development of the human race and civilization.

The philosopher's object in life is the pursuit of happiness; this search guides our smallest actions. Even those who sacrifice themselves for an idea or a person, have only the appearance of sacrifice, for the very fact of self-immolation obtains for them the happiness they seem to renounce.

Founders of religion, enlightened men, great men, generous or selfish souls, we pursue our own satisfaction, whether it be direct and immediate or, on the contrary, in the happiness of others, or in suffering and privations. "The effusions of blood and the tortures suffered by the partisans of Christianity are certainly real agonies, but they were sought in order to obtain the

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pleasures of the Heavenly Kingdom. The abandonment of the riches of this world, and the mournfulness of Buddhism are also sufferings, yet they are sought in order to obtain the happiness of the Nirvana, and finally there are some who seek their happiness in desiring nothing and loving nothing."

Happiness, then, is essentially variable: it has no universal formula, obligatory and unique; each pursues his ideal. The cultured man of lofty soul will not be able to content himself with what pleases the ordinary man, and the latter will have no comprehension of the refined joys of the other.

This search for happiness logically admits the desire to escape sufferings and sorrows. K'ang Yeou-Wei, having been unable to define happiness, which varies according to circumstances and individuals, has busied himself in seeking the origin and causes of sorrows, in order to try to diminish or even make them disappear. He has classified them in the following manner:

I. *Occasional Sorrows* (from which some suffer and others do not).
   Premature death.
   Debilitating diseases.
   Widowhood, death of parents.
   Slavery.
   Marriage.

II. *Universal Sufferings* (from which every one suffers more or less).
   Natural events (droughts, inundations, etc.).
   Wars and disturbances (foreign wars, civil wars).
   Oppression (of the State or the family).
   Fatigue from a burden (being weighted by a family).
   Disagreement (in the family).
   Anxiety (not to be a slave; not to be married and yet not to be calm and tranquil).
   Poverty.
   Isolation.
   Weariness.
   Lack of education.
   To have neither fame nor praise (from one's self or one's associates).

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Love and affections of the heart.
Passionate hatred.
General diseases.
Old age and death.
In a general way, not to obtain what we wish, and not to be able to escape from what we do not desire.

In carefully examining these troubles, we can trace them to three general causes:

1. *Nature:* natural phenomena, droughts, inundations, death and old age, disease, etc.

2. *Men:* oppression, difficult tempers in the family, wars, slavery, defective Governments, etc.

3. *Ourselves:* who allow ourselves to be guided by prejudices, by the fear of the opinions of others, and who often attach an exaggerated importance to things.

These troubles, studied successively, do not seem inevitable and obligatory: they may be diminished to the greatest extent. In fact, through civilization, nature will be known and conquered; natural phenomena foreseen will be avoided, others diminished to the degree of no longer being dangerous. Drought will be of no further importance when all the water, under control, will be at the disposal of the cultivators; just as inundations need no longer be feared when the works necessary to dike them will be completed. Death will not disappear; on the other hand, disease will no longer exist, so to speak, when men no longer allow the reckless birth of children under defective conditions, and thereby stricken with hereditary maladies dangerous to them and to the entire community.

Injustice, reckless and blundering violence, laws of oppression will disappear when educated people understand that their material interests and their share of joy in life will be increased by justice, gentleness, and solicitude not to injure. At this period, very naturally, rational Governments will be established, organizing mutual defence and earnestly grouping the efforts of each toward the individual and universal happiness, which are neither opposed nor incompatible.

As for the sorrows that proceed from ourselves, they will be already conquered for those who, sound in mind and body, have

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their faculties equally trained, whose minds are freed from false ideas, and whose knowledge, will, and perspicacity are developed.

Having then traced to the immediate pursuit of happiness the motive for every human action, K'ang Yeou-Wei shows how, by the blind pursuit of their own pleasures, men daily go further and further from the object they are pursuing, and points out that evil done to others sooner or later will diminish the joy of the egotist, either because everyone holds aloof from him, or because he encounters immediate and brutal resistance.

Upon this sole and powerful motive for all our deeds, K'ang Yeou-Wei establishes the immovable foundation of his entire social edifice. He overthrows everything, laws and customs, which have been bequeathed to us by ancestors still savage, or whose minds were not yet rid of the burden of irrational beliefs. The search for happiness was the sole cause of our activity; it is on the search for the utmost happiness that our future civilization must be founded.

The brain thus released from all prejudices, the philosopher coldly studies, by the light of truth, the various circumstances of life:

"Even before coming into the world, the child, imbued already with paternal and maternal heredities, receives in addition all the impressions of the mother during the period before its birth. We all retain, more or less, the physical and intellectual marks of our mother's feelings or emotions during this serious time.

"Once in the world, the child grows: but he rarely attains the complete development of his mind and body. The ignorance of the parents, their carelessness, or frequently their poverty, are the causes of numerous little accidents which end by weakening the vital resistance. The impoverished organism receives all infections, and itself becomes the means of the propagation of all diseases. The ill-health reacts upon the will and all the moral and intellectual qualities, fetters the functions of the brain, and forever destroys the balance of the reason. Moreover, the instruction given is unequal and purposeless: it encumbers the intelligence with ideas that pervert the judgment and render man

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incapable of enjoying existence, and often even incapable of earning his living.

"Urged by circumstances, sometimes by love, the man marries; he is soon burdened with a family, and, if he has no fortune, he is obliged to exhaust himself with toil to feed all who depend upon him. Besides the family he has given himself, he will often have parents or brothers and sisters younger than he, and dependent upon his labor. This burden crushes him, and life is no longer anything but a constant source of anxieties, sorrows, and poverty.

"Behold him, old, weakened by his toilsome life: an epidemic may sweep away the children whom he has reared and who he hopes will support him in his turn. If they do not die, their work may be insufficient for the necessities of a whole family: must old men, then, commit suicide, beg their bread, or become in their turn a burden upon their descendants?"

III

Resolutely thrusting aside all prejudices, and every suggestion coming from a past inferior in civilization, K'ang Yeou-Wei entirely reorganizes the bases of the family and life.

In the first place, he insists upon the capital importance of heredity and procreation, and would have their laws and results most closely studied. Meanwhile his plans include, in all cases of physical and moral deformity and as a punishment for every crime, for both men and women, deprivation of the power of adding to the population. For very serious crimes, the children previously born to criminals would be sought out and executed. Evil instincts and unwholesome feelings will disappear after a few generations. The uprooted weeds will no longer impair the harvests.

Here, then, is the child of good parents, healthy and well-formed in body and mind. The State would not permit that this sound infant should be deformed or perish for lack of care. Phalansteries will be established in the mountains, on the seashore, and in different localities where the purity of the air and the beauty of the landscape will unite in making a favorable im-

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pression upon the mind and the health; young women who are to become mothers will be received in them and placed under the care of famous hygienists. Food, drink, exercise, will be watched and controlled. Lectures will be given daily on the care of children, the human anatomy, physiology; necessary virtues will also be discussed, and everything which can aid a mother in forming the judgment of her child. In the evening, orchestras, playing the finest music, will awaken and maintain the delicate emotions suitable for giving the new-born children a taste for art, poesy, beauty. If the physicians should be informed that a woman entrusted to their care had committed some wicked act, thus manifesting an inclination dangerous to society, or if they merely discovered a physical condition too much enfeebled, they would administer medicines suitable for preventing the birth of children who might inherit these undesirable tendencies.

Thus the human race would soon improve and purify itself.

All children, girls or boys, will receive the same instruction and education from six to twenty years of age. The instruction would be based upon positive facts, upon the study of the principles of all trades, all the arts, and everything that surrounds us. The child, thus prepared, and knowing the principles of everything, would be capable of reasoning with intelligence; he would easily know his natural aptitudes and capacities; the State would no longer be encumbered with nondescript, incapable persons, or talented ones fettered by the lack of initial knowledge. Finally, the instruction being general and rational, we should no longer see the propagation of those false ideas, those absurd beliefs, and all the weaknesses which an ignorant power has bequeathed to us.

The family would be definitely destroyed: women, when they attained maturity, would be married, after an inquiry of the " Direction of Unions "; this marriage would not be a pledge of a common life, for the fecundity of the Chinese would give rise to the belief that the women would spend the greater portion of their lives in the phalansteries of the " Care of Childhood." As for the children, when they are old enough to take care of themselves, toward six years old, they would be placed in large schools, where their instruction and education would be provided at the

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same time; from that period they will form a part of the government and become the property of the State and the world. K'ang Yeou-Wei's view of the family is that it is constituted by the ancestors, the husband and wife, and the descendants. In the new order of things, the child, not knowing its father, will be separated from its mother before it has become strongly attached to her; all ancestral relation will be suppressed. The wife living in the phalanstery will not exist to the husband, who will not know his children. The author adds: "Most parents rear children solely for the object of being honored and served by them in old age. Now, old men will no longer have the fear of abandonment: the old and feeble will have, in fact, their livelihood secured by the community according to their situation. The family will thus be definitely suppressed, and the individual rid of this heavy burden will be able to hope to attain the plenitude of his development and his talents."

Members of the community, both men and women, on reaching their twentieth year, will spend a year in the establishments of the "Direction of the Care of the Sick and Old." The author makes a distinction, very easily seen, between this obligatory sanitary service spent in studying the art of prolonging life, and the time now passed by the young men of the West in training for the barbarous trade of war.

Their studies completed, the young men would then be employed according to their aptitudes. They would receive in exchange their food, lodging, clothing, and some pocket-money. Those who perform their duties with perfection will be rewarded by more rapid promotion and by certain advantages, such as sums of money, more luxurious lodgings, etc., etc. Inventors, scientists, and all who contribute by personal labor to the advancement of civilization, will be recompensed in the same way. All honorary distinctions, such as ranks of functionaries, decorations, titles of nobility, and other vanities, which merely serve to justify laziness and ignorance, will be suppressed.

Those whom the respect of the community and the lure of rewards do not suffice to keep in the straight path, will be punished according to their errors. But there will be only two kinds of punishment: deprivation of employment, allowing confiscation

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of property and exclusion from the community; and, in case of serious crime, depriving both men and women of the power of producing children: this may even go so far as the execution of all their descendants. In this way society will end by destroying all the evil seeds that might provoke trouble or prevent the peaceful enjoyment of life.

Exclusion from the community will always be pronounced against bachelors, and married people who do not have children: "Acquired qualities are perpetuated; it is not for one's self and one's own pleasure that one has children; it is a duty to society to have them only when one is handsome, intelligent, and healthy."

K'ang Yeou-Wei does not conceal the importance of the management of the funds which such an organization would represent; he believes, however, that it could be done in the following manner:

All the land on the globe would be declared public property; individuals could not possess it in their own name. The State would utilize it in different ways: renting, cultivation on shares, or any other form of contract.

All the mines would be managed by the community, as well as the great railroad and navigation companies; the great manufactories would belong to it, and commerce would be done in its name and for its profit.

Each region, each race, having its individual needs and its special ideal, the laws could not be universal, so there will be various Governments, all established on the same basis.

A MINISTRY OF JUSTICE, divided into:

Direction of Unions (supervising marriages in order to improve the race and denouncing childless unions and bachelors).

Direction of Re-allotment of Property (granting rewards and watching over the maintenance of the property laws; also commissioned to centralize the administration of the property of the State).

Direction of Punishments.

Direction of Laws (preparing and elaborating the new laws required by the changes in life).

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Direction of Powers (naming and controlling the inspectors of work).

A MINISTRY OF INSTRUCTION, divided into:

General Direction of Teaching.

General University.

A MINISTRY OF CARES FOR THE PEOPLE, divided into:

Direction of the Pre-natal Education of Children (commissioned to organize and control the phalansteries where women come when they are about to bear children).

Direction of the Care of Childhood.

Direction of the Care of the Sick and Aged.

A MINISTRY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR, divided into:

Direction of the Public Works.

Direction of Commerce.

Direction of Agriculture.

A MINISTRY OF FINANCE, divided into:

Direction of Taxes and Public Property.

Direction of Accounts.

A MINISTRY OF POLICE AND SURVEILLANCE.

Each region would have two Legislative Chambers: an Upper House, composed of permanent members chosen from the scientists and sages; a Lower House, consisting of members chosen by the people for three or four years.

Finally there would be a general Government of the United States of the World, composed of two Legislative Houses, a President and a Vice-President, chosen from the men most famous for their knowledge or their great qualities, and an executive power consisting of different Ministers, regulating the intercourse between the States themselves.

The famous name of K'ang Yeou-Wei has aroused a deep feeling of interest in favor of his work; the great ideas on which it rests have been acutely appreciated; thanks to their thoroughly Asiatic aridity of soul, Chinese readers have not been alarmed by the sort of existence which the World Republic promised them. If, by any chance, K'ang Yeou-Wei should return to power, the putting of these theories into practice would doubt-

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less necessitate greater massacres than the application of any new measures, even those genuinely humane and beneficent.

Besides, this would not be the first time that a trial of communal government would be made in China. In the eleventh century of our era, an attempt was made that lasted more than thirty years; the beginning was somewhat bloodstained by the extermination of all the malcontents; but after a few years, the people became accustomed to the new laws; the death of the sovereign and the leader of the reformers of the period permitted a reaction, mainly instigated by palace intrigues. No one could affirm that some day or other people will not see K'ang Yeou-Wei's project reappear in China, more or less adapted to the time and circumstances. It is a subject which affords a marvellous amount of material for visionary expansion, sonorous periods, and the misuse of the stately words to which Chinese literary men are especially partial.

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THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER X

I BELIEVE one can disarm even Destiny. God knows what might not have happened had that child been born in such surroundings as Clarissa found herself in before she came to me. You may be sure the poor little mite would have been sorely in the way. God knows what might not have happened.

But so far as I was concerned with Clarissa, it was welcome. It would give her something to live for who had so little of her own. I was prepared to do my best that it should not be ushered into a world which shuddered at its coming.

Once only in the few times that I saw her Clarissa spoke of it.

"It will be so terrible for you," she said.

"Terrible?" said I. "But why? It's your child. By no right or consideration is it his. You've suffered for it. That's the only right of possession. It won't be terrible at all. I just think of it as your child. He doesn't enter my head."

That was a lie, but worth telling, since it made her mind the easier. He does enter into my thoughts. I burn hot with foolish anger sometimes when I think of him. But all this was disarming Destiny, and Destiny disarmed does strange and unexpected things.

Perowne came late one night at a summons from the nurse. I heard the door of Clarissa's bedroom open and close many times that night. All through the hours I lay awake listening, revolving in my mind a thousand meanings of what it could be. At last I could bear the vague speculation of it no longer. I crept out of my room and button-holed Perowne as he came downstairs.

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"I can't stand this," said I. "What is it?"

"The child," said he.

"Born?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Dead."

Dead? It meant nothing to me. I knew then it had never held life at all in my mind. That it was still-born seemed to me then the only natural thing that could happen.

"It was what I expected," he added, "after the condition we found her in when she first came here. She was half-starved."

"How is she now?" I asked.

"Not very lively. She'll get all right again though, if she takes it quietly."

So we crept silently through the month of March to that glorious First of April, when the whole world awakes to the great gladness of its folly. For the first two weeks of that month of March I was not permitted to see her. Then I would spend my mornings in the park, intent no longer upon watching the romance of others, but contemplating in long silences the wonderful possibilities of my own. What would it be when she was well again? All hope that I might win her for myself I counted beyond the utmost probability. Such disfigurement as is mine, once a woman has expressed her horror of it, is not forgotten so easily as that. So at least it seemed to me. And as I sat or walked in the park, journeying so far sometimes as the gardens in Kensington to see the crocuses and the young tulips rising above the earth, I thought it all out, making in my imagination the future I would have for her.

I built a cottage then in the country—an old-fashioned place standing far back from the road, with a tiny orchard of gnarled apple trees and a garden where all the sweet peas in the world could grow in such profusion as would shame even Cruikshank himself. It should be within fifty miles of London, so that whenever she needed me I could easily reach her. For a few hundred pounds the freehold of a place like that could be bought, and it should be her very own. The little that it would cost for her to live there, she would surely accept at my hands.

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"She's at my mercy," I told myself, cheerfully. "Can she possibly want anything better than that?"

There were other schemes, too. I spent a glorious morning devising them. But none pleased me better than this, and I longed for the moment when I might tell her of it.

In the afternoons of that fortnight I wrote long letters to Bellwattle, telling her everything, leading up slowly by the most gradual degrees to that moment when I could ask for my gift to be returned to me. It is a mean thing to do, to give a thing and take a thing. Surely there is some condemnatory couplet which treats of such instability as this.

"Give a thing and take a thing——"

I have long forgotten how it goes. But surely, with a lonely man and his dog it were excusable. I had word from her that he was happy enough when out on the cliffs alone with her, where there was ever the great adventure of the chase. But she hinted sometimes how in the long evenings he would sit thoughtfully before the fire taking no notice of any word that was said to him. I like to think it was then that he thought of me.

At length came that morning when the nurse told me Clarissa was up in her room, sitting before the fire, and that I might take my tea with her in the afternoon.

Before breakfast then Moxon and I went to Covent Garden.

"I just want to get a few flowers," said I.

We staggered back under the weight of those flowers. Freezias, tulips—even lilac there was. Moxon's face grew scarlet among the yellow tulips as he bore them bravely homeward. I sent them up to Clarissa's room before me. When at last I knocked at the door and was admitted, I found her with her face buried in a great bowl of flowers, and her eyes were closed. If you would see into the very heart of the spring, your eyes must be closed. Nurse Barham was not in the room, so I just stood by waiting till she should open them.

Presently she raised her head. The look in her eyes was as though the spring still filled them, and out went my heart quickly beating to it. I would have given much had that glance been

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meant for me. That in some measure I had been the cause of it was good enough to know.

"When you're able to get out again," said I, "you'll find everything like that in the country."

"Ah, yes," she replied, "in the country. I suppose all the banks in Ballysheen now are filled with primroses."

I sat down and looked closely at her face. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you're regretting Ballysheen now?"

"Seeing a little of Ballysheen was better than seeing a lot of London," she admitted. "You don't know how often I've tossed and turned, lying awake in that bed, thinking how right you were. Oh—you were right!"

"When?"

"All that you said to me on the cliff that day—all about everything—about forgetting that you lived—about remembering that you lived. I've been trying so hard to forget," she sighed, deeply, "and I'm so tired of trying. If you hadn't taken care of me, I should have given up trying. Perhaps that would have been best, too. I sometimes think it would have been much the best."

"Wait till you see the country again," I said. "You won't be sorry then. The tulips are up in Kensington Gardens—all the almond trees are pink. You wait till you get up—wait, too, till you've heard what I've got to suggest."

She glanced at me quickly.

"I can't take anything more from you," she began.

"You can wait," said I, "till you hear what I've got to say. Shall we have tea now or afterwards?"

"Afterwards. Perhaps you want your tea, though."

"So far as I am concerned," I replied, "everything can wait."

"Well, then—go on."

For a moment I wondered whether we had better not have tea, whether it were not wiser to wait until that light of excitement had gone out of her eyes. When again she begged me to go on, I forgot about it; I was excited myself. For a whole two weeks I had pictured this moment of telling her. The best of us are inconsiderate when it comes to such a pass as this. I was

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going to show her my little castle in Spain, and it is these habitations of which we are proudest. With my own hands, as I sat in the park those mornings, I had built that little Tudor cottage with its apple orchard, where the sheep grazed in and out between the white-washed trunks. With my own hands I had laid out the old garden. . . .

She listened with eyes round in wonder. Sometimes her fingers clasped and unclasped, and she beat her little hands about like a child who has something good to eat.

"There are hundreds of places like that in Kent," said I, when I had finished. "Kent is full of them; and when the apple-blossom is out and lambs are in the orchard, I can tell you you want to live then. You want to be up with the sun lest you should miss an hour of it. I've been all round the world, but I've never seen anything to touch an apple orchard in Kent, or any English meadow in the heat of summer. I know nothing like it—I know nothing equal to it unless it is those cliffs at Ballysheen when the gorse and the heather are out and the whole place throbs with the humming of bees. That, perhaps, is as good. But it's too far away. I want you to have a place where, if ever you need me, you can send for me at a moment's notice. There would be times, perhaps, when you might feel lonely."

She had been looking down into the fire, interlacing her fingers, doing and undoing them as in an idle moment, a child plaits rushes in the silent meadows. But when I said she might feel lonely, she looked up quickly to my face.

"Did you mean to go alone?" she asked, "to live there—quite alone?"

"There would be someone to help you look after it," said I.

"Yes—but—otherwise, alone."

"Who else is there that you know?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No one?"

"I don't know anybody."

"But if you feel what you do about the country," said I, "I don't think you'd be lonely. And if ever you wanted me—at any time—I could come down. There'd be some inn at the village where I could put up."

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"Where you could put up?"

"Yes—where I could sleep."

She gazed at me quite strangely, and so direct were her eyes that I remember wondering was she forgetting how repulsive I was. I believe that thought would have grown upon me. I believe, had she looked at me thus a moment longer, I should have taken the bull of fortune by the horns. I should have tried my luck, risking that refusal which I believed to be inevitable, whereby it would have been thrown back at me once more, the eternal knowledge of myself. But at that moment two things occurred. I, who will have no mirror in my room, was suddenly confronted by my reflection in a little handglass of Clarissa's that leant against the back of an empty chair. She had been arranging herself, no doubt, before I came into the room; for it is ever the way with women that they must appear at their best, even to those whom least it should concern.

But it was not that which kept back the words then faltering on my lips. Clarissa's lip had trembled. Before another moment had passed she was in tears. It was not only weakness this time. Some spirit of courage had broken within her. She had given way.

Amazed though I was, I let her cry awhile before I questioned her; then, leaning nearer, I begged her to tell me what it was.

"I—I couldn't be there alone," she faltered. "I—I couldn't bear it alone. Oh—I must have a little pride! I can't take anything more from you. You have given me so much as it is. I want to go home. I want to go back to Dominica. I wish to God I'd gone when you told me to last year. I should have been spared all this. You would have been spared it, too. Let me go back to Dominica."

"You'd sooner that," said I, "than the castle in Spain—the cottage in Kent?"

"Yes—I couldn't be there alone. Oh—I know what a disgrace I am. Do let me go."

"You're sure of what you say?" I repeated.

"Yes—yes—quite sure."

I shrugged my shoulders and rose to my feet.

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"God who made women," said I, "must understand 'em. You shall go back to Dominica."

And I left her.

CHAPTER XI

It was a day early in the month of May when I said good-bye to Clarissa. The next day following that afternoon when she had expressed her wish to go home, I went away myself, leaving her in the care of Moxon with instructions that when she was ready to return to Dominica, I should be sent for. How could I have stayed on there in the house, seeing her possibly every day, knowing that each hour was drawing nearer to that moment when my life was to be empty once more? It was better to train myself to the knowledge of it at once, wherefore I went away seeking the loneliness that was bound to come.

I sometimes think she felt my absence a little during her convalescence; but there is more hope than belief in the thought.

We were very silent as we drove to the station. What, indeed, was there to say? I find that it is not only sufficient that a woman should come to you in trouble, for when she goes, she leaves a whole world of trouble behind her. I suppose I must have taken it for granted in my mind that if she came, she would stay. It can only be then that I am utterly ignorant of women. How indeed should I be otherwise?

I did my best, but so hopelessly failed to understand her tears when, just before the train started, she broke down completely and wept.

"But you're going home," said I, "you're doing the thing you have chosen to be best."

Yet still she cried and muttered brokenly of the kindness I had shown her.

"No one in the world could have been so kind," she said.

"It's been the best time of my life," I replied. "There have even been moments when I've thanked God for your troubles since, in a way, I was able to bear them."

At that she buried her face in her hands and for some moments I could get no word from her at all. She sobbed as though

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her heart were breaking and I sat there on the seat opposite to her wondering why God had made creatures so incomprehensible as women. She wanted of her own accord to return to Dominica, yet here she was at her departure, crying as though a very world of desolation was before her. It was more than I could understand.

I had to leave the carriage at last. She still sat there weeping, with the bundle of picture papers which I had bought lying on her lap. It was only as the train began to move out of the station that she threw them on to the seat beside her and, rising impulsively to her feet, she leant out of the window.

"Why," she whispered excitedly, "why have you been so good to me?"

I could have laughed at that. For surely she must have guessed by this; but thank God a sense of the ludicrous saved me from telling her then that I loved her. Imagine the declaration of a lover, running by the side of the carriage as a train steamed out of the station.

"God bless you," was all I said, and for a long while I stood watching that little white face of hers as she leant out of her carriage window. Suddenly then, as quickly as if some one had drawn her back within, she disappeared. At that I turned away and walked home alone.

It was two days later that Moxon brought me a telegram to my room.

"*Come over at once,*" it read, "*most important that I should see you.*" And it was signed Bellwattle.

"Is the boy waiting for an answer?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Give me a form, then."

He brought it to me.

"*Coming,*" I wrote and handed it back to him. "Pack my things," said I, "I'm off to Ireland this evening."

I acted with as little hesitation as that, for I more than welcomed the thought of leaving London. There was beading of green through all that black lace-work of the trees, and often I had felt the yearning that must come to every one of us, that calling of the land, when one's eyes need to be filled with the

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broad stretches, when one's feet long for the springy turf and all one's heart aches for the great freedom of God's heaven above one's head. And beside all that, I knew I should soon be seeing Dandy once more.

It would be impossible to count the memories that filled my mind when again I mounted Quin's car and set out upon that nine-mile journey from Youghal to Ballysheen. Every corner of the road brought back to my remembrance the day when I had arrived, the day also when I had gone back to London feeling how utterly the madness of my mission had failed.

It was a long time before I spoke a word to Quin, who, though the day was fine enough, drove just as ever with that fixed despondency of expression in his face.

"Are you never cheerful," said I at last, "not even on a day like this?"

He looked at me in astonishment.

"What would I be cheerful about?" he asked.

"Good God, man!" said I; "look all round you."

"What for?" said he.

"For everything. God's in His heaven."

"He is indeed," said Quin. "And as far as this country's concerned I'm afraid 'tis the way He'll stay there."

I laughed at that; but his face had no sign of mirth in it.

"They're goin' to give us Home Rule," he continued. "Shure, glory be to God, what'll we be doin' rulin' ourselves whin Tim Burke and Jim Reilly were fightin' yesterday at the council meeting as to whether the new lamp-post in Dorgan Street should be put opposite Jim Reilly's house or Tim Burke's?"

"And which did they decide?" I asked.

"Shure, they didn't decide at all. Why would they? They fought like two creatures from hell till Michael Mahoney got up and said the only way to settle it was to have no lamp-post at all. 'Twas the judgment av Solomon, he said—but yirrah, what the divil's the judgment of Solomon to do with Dorgan Street? Shure, I dunno who Solomon was. He might have been a Jew by the sound av him. 'Tis Dorgan Street anyways that'll have no lamp-post and 'tis as dark there in that

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street on a night ye couldn't see yeer own fisht to shtrike a man with. Ye could not. An' if they come to do with the land as they did with Dorgan Street, I want to know what the hell is Home Rule goin' to be to us thin?"

"But good heavens!" said I. "You've been crying for Home Rule for more than a century!"

"We have indeed," said he, "but God help us, we never expected to get ut. An' now they're talkin' of Johnnie Redmond, the hero. Faith, the only heroes in Ireland are the min like Emmet, who died for his country, and didn't get what he wanted even then. Shure, Johnnie Redmond is no hero. He's a prosperous man. He'll be wearin' a diamond shtud in his shirt front before long, and dhrivin' down Pathrick Street in Cork in a carriage and pair on a Sathurday afternoon for the people to look at him. Shure, that's no hero. 'Tis he'll have the lamp-post in front of his house if there are any goin'. He will indeed."

"The fact of the matter is," said I, when I had done with laughing, "that if they give you Home Rule you'll have nothing to complain about, and this'll be a dead country."

"I dunno will ut be a dead country," he replied. "Ye wouldn't have called ut a dead country if ye'd heard what Jim Reilly said to Tim Burke at the last council meetin'. An' it'll all be just about as alive as that."

"What did he say?"

"I should have to be very hot in anger to repeat ut," said he.

So as I drove again from Youghal to Ballysheen I received my second lesson in this glorious sad country. Dead or alive, I was glad to be back in it. Even those few weeks the year before had been long enough to plant the call of it in my heart. For there is something in Ireland to those who know it well, which cries to you in the long nights and, in the summer days, holds out its arms mutely appealing to you to return. Indeed, I was glad to be back, and when at the gateway I was met by Dandy and Bellwattle I knew only of one other thing I could have wished more earnestly to see. Even that I forgot while Bellwattle was gripping my hand and Dandy was leaping wildly by my side.

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"We're so glad to have you back," said she. "Look at him."

She pointed to Dandy, who stood upon his hind legs, rending the air with hilarious laughter.

"Hooray! hooray!" he yelled, and had he worn a thousand hats on his head he would have flung them all up in the air at once. A welcome like that is worth coming many miles for. Even Cruikshank in his quiet way was exuberant in spirits.

"Good man!" he kept saying. "Good man." As though I had accomplished some feat of virtue by my arrival.

But it was not till we sat down to lunch that I asked what had been the meaning of that important telegram.

"Why was it most important that you should see me?" I asked, and looked from one to the other as I put the question.

Cruikshank kept his eyes fixed upon his plate, whereby I knew that this was a moment when silence was expected of him. I turned my eyes to Bellwattle.

"Well!" said I.

She drank some water from her glass before she answered me. The pause, in fact, was most elaborate.

"It's to do with the cottage," she replied, at last.

"What cottage?"

"In the hollow. Cruikshank has done it up, furnished it, with the idea of letting it for the spring and summer. Autumn, too, if anyone wanted it. We thought you'd like to stay there this summer—not, of course, to our letting but our invitation. We——"

"You'd better say yes," interrupted Cruikshank.

"He needn't say yes till he's seen it," Bellwattle broke in again.

I looked from one to the other. My eyes rested last on Bellwattle.

"Like a true prophet," said I, "you're working hard to bring your prophecy true."

"What prophecy?"

"That I should come to the cottage this year. But if I do stay it won't be true to the letter. There'll only be a coloring of truth in it. You said live there. I told you that was impossible."

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"Oh—eat your lunch," said Cruikshank, "and go up with Bellwattle afterwards. There's no compulsion for you to stay if you don't like it. There's a bedroom ready for you here."

"Is he cross?" I inquired.

"Do I look it?" asked Cruikshank.

I had to admit that he did not. There was a twinkle of light in his eye the whole time that he was speaking.

It was soon after lunch then that I found myself with Bellwattle and Dandy making our way once more up that old boreen where they tell me the white hemlocks grow so high in summer and the wild geraniums break, in patches of color, the ever freshening wonder of the glorious green.

Heavens! What a rush of memory it brought, carrying me back to that first morning when Bellwattle had brought me up to see the cottage in the hollow. Were they the same sheep grazing there, lifting their heads to stare at us as we swung open the same old gate, whose rusty hinges played the very tune they had played last year? Doubtless they were the very same. This crying for everlasting change is only the restless craving of a neurotic race. There is change enough in the seasons, change enough in the sky to fulfil every requirement of my soul; only that I need another to note those changes with me.

Here the whole summer, the whole autumn and winter had passed with every varied color and design. The spring was back again, and the whole world about us was the same once more as it had been the previous year. The gulls were beating up against the thrusting wind; the songs of larks rose like glittering bells, trilling and tinkling in the bright air above us. Now the gorse was in its full blazonry of yellow, and all the heather buds shook out their music to each little breeze.

As my feet first felt the yielding turf beneath them, I stood still, took off my hat, threw back my head and let the warm, white sun burn down upon my skin.

"Oh, my God!" I muttered, "how wonderful this is!"

"And you might have had it always," said Bellwattle.

I looked at her swiftly. There was more than just what she said. In the tone of her voice I detected a thousand things to which my imagination leapt for answer.

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"What do you mean?" said I.

"Why did you send Clarissa home?" she asked.

"Why? Because it was her own wish. Because she wanted to go."

"Never tell me you know anything about women again," said she.

"I was not aware that I'd said anything about any woman," I replied, and then I tried hard to think where I had heard that excellently evasive remark before. For the moment I could not trace it. I was, moreover, too interested in what she had yet to say. "Wasn't that a good enough reason?" I added.

She shook her head as she smiled at me.

"Clarissa never wanted to go home. Do you think a woman ever wants to leave a man who has treated her as you did?"

"If she finds him as repulsive to look at as Clarissa found me," said I.

For a few steps we walked without speaking again. Then she stopped me and looked squarely in my face. There was almost that light in her eyes which I have seen in Dandy's, which I remember having seen in my mother's. I felt almost then as though I might be as other men are.

"Do you know," said she, gently, "that you're morbid about —about——"

"My ugliness."

"You can call it that if you like. You think it debars you from winning. It doesn't. It's only a handicap. I never saw anyone so easy first as you must have been with Clarissa."

I gripped her arm quickly. My fingers must have hurt her, for she just winced but made no effort to draw away. It was like a mother giving her boy a hand to squeeze while he was in pain.

"How do you know this?"

"I guessed it."

"When? How?"

"When we went to see Clarissa at Queenstown on her way through."

"You saw her, then?"

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"Yes—we went straight off, Cruikshank and I, directly we heard she was coming."

"And she told you?"

"No—I guessed it."

"Then why didn't she stay when I offered her the cottage in Kent?"

"You offered it for her alone. It was like hitting her in the face when she knew she deserved it. She had lived with another man. You had nothing better to offer her than that. But you would have offered her better, wouldn't you?"

"Great heavens, yes! If I thought she'd have taken it."

"I think she would," said Bellwattle. "Now I'm going to sit down here. I'm tired. You go on to the cottage. Don't stay too long. Cruikshank's waiting for us. Go on. Don't mind me."

I think I was glad to be alone then. I wanted to go back every step in my memory of those days in London and count if she were right. So, retracing it all, I came at last to the cottage.

The ground was already being laid out for the garden, and there I stood for some moments thinking what yet might be possible, if all that Bellwattle had said were true. If it should ever be so, we would make that garden together, Clarissa and I, remembering with every seed we sowed, with every flower we tended, that not one moment of Life is to be forgotten—that the whole world, as was that little plot of ground, is a garden of resurrection, where the seeds of promise are ever bringing forth the flowers of remembrance, whose seed again is scattered to the generous earth by the autumn winds.

I made up my mind then that if ever such contentment of Life should come to me, I would make it a hobby to cultivate some new species of sweet pea. Of how these things are done I am as ignorant as the babe unborn. Still, in that moment, I made the determination.

"I will call it Clarissa," said I.

Then every year together we would sow the seeds of it afresh, planting in the mould by their side that little stake of wood, washed white with lime, whereon Clarissa's name should be inscribed. It would serve to help us to remembrance even of death

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—the remembrance that burial is but the sowing of a seed in God's great garden of resurrection. And then, if ever it came to be my lot to see the small white gravestone on which Clarissa's name should be engraved, I might remember the words of Maeterlinck, "There are no dead," and in the years that followed, myself sow and look forward to the sweet pea in my own small garden and, finding it, achieve some understanding.

"All this shall be," said I, "if what Bellwattle has said is true."

Then at last I opened the door. The kitchen had been turned into a sitting-room. A chair was drawn up to a cheery fire before which, as I entered, someone rose to meet me. I felt my heart beat sick with joy.

It was Clarissa!

Clarissa in her gown of canary-colored satin.

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THE GREEN WAND

Leo Tolstoy

The posthumous article of Leo Tolstoy printed below is an appeal to his fellow-men from beyond the grave.

An explanation of how he named it "The Green Wand" can be found in Tolstoy's "Reminiscences of Childhood" in the following lines:

"Nicolenka (my brother) announced to me (when I was five years old) and to my brothers that he possessed a secret by means of which, when it should be disclosed, all men would become happy: there would be no diseases, no troubles, no one would be angry with anyone, all would love each other, all would become 'ant brothers.' (He probably meant 'Moravian brothers,' about whom he had heard and had been reading, but in our language they were 'ant brothers.') And I remember that the word ant especially pleased us, as reminding us of ants in an ant-hill. We even organized a game of ant-brothers. The chief secret as to the way for all men to cease suffering any misfortune, to leave off quarrelling and being angry, and to become continuously happy, this secret, as he told us, was written by him on a green stick, which stick he had buried by the road on the edge of a certain ravine, at which spot, since my corpse must be buried somewhere, I have asked to be buried in memory of Nicolenka."

I

IF a man were to awake after a long sleep (during which he had forgotten all former existence) in a new house unknown to him and inhabited by human beings like himself, and animals, hustling, bustling and all ceaselessly occupied with something—the first thing such a man would do would be to endeavor to understand who placed him in this new, strange place, and what he should do at this place, how apply those powers that he feels he has in him. The answer to these questions is what is called Religion. A rational human being cannot live well in the world without finding answers to these questions.

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Who put me in this strange place?

I do not know and cannot know, but I know for certain that there exists this "someone" and that he placed me in this world. I know it for certain because I could not have come into this world of my own will, because I never wished for it, and could not have wished it because prior to my coming into the world I seemingly did not exist, or at least, I do not remember that I existed before. If I ask when *I* began, the real I, I get a still less satisfactory answer. They tell me that I appeared some years ago from the womb of my mother. But what came from the womb of my mother, was it my body, that body which for a long time did not and does not yet know of its existence, and which very soon, may be to-morrow, will be buried and become dust? That of which I am conscious as my *ego* did not appear simultaneously with my body. Thus my *ego* did not begin in the womb of my mother, and not on its leaving it when the navel cord was cut off, and not when I was weaned, and not when I began to talk. I know that this *ego* began at some time; at the same time I know that it has always existed. So that *I* cannot find my real *ego* in time, whether I look for it now or at an infinitely remote period. I seem to have never appeared at all; I have always existed and have only forgotten my former life.

So that I cannot say definitely what I am. I only know that my *ego* and my body are not one and the same thing.

The second question: what is that world in which I find myself when my mind matures?

This world is not my family and my home, that of the Yermilins or the Tolstoys in Yasnaya Polyana, not the home of the Bauers in Bavaria, or of the Smiths in England, of the Robinsons in Ohio, America, or Fo-han-chi in a Chinese village or in Peking, but it is the entire huge world comprising the planet Earth: Siam, Iceland, Madagascar and all those places of which I do and do not know. This world does not only comprise those 1,500 millions of people who, as I hear, inhabit the earth at present, but also all those milliards of people who lived before me in times known to me, and also during many thousands of years, in times unknown to me, and also those people who are born now, who will grow up and live a countless number of

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years, when the least sign of my bones will have faded away. All these people, besides all that countless number of the different species of animals, from the microscopic insects to the elephants and behemoths, and a similar number of plants and lifeless things not only in the planet Earth but outside it on the other planets, and on the suns and the millions of suns at tremendous distances, which surround the Earth and extend *ad infinitum* in Time—that is what constitutes the universe into which I have come and which I perceived when reason awoke in me.

In this world—limitless as to Time and Space—I made my appearance yesterday or, according to our reckoning, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 years ago, as I heard from people. My father's marriage with my mother was the cause of my appearance and, as I know from other people, I was first an embryo, then a baby, a child, a youth, and subsequently a man. I cannot tell when I appeared—that *ego* which I know to be myself. It seems to me that I have always been. I don't know when I shall end. By observing others and by what happens to them I know that I shall die for certain in seventy, eighty years' time; I know that every day I get nearer death, I know that I may die any minute. But in spite of my knowing it, witnessing it in all people, I do not believe that my *ego* will terminate.

But if that be so, I have not been in this world all the time. Why did I come into this world? And what should I do in it?

What should I do with my tiny body and the limited span of life in this world of limitless Space and Time?

The most customary answer to this question which presents itself to a man who has lived an animal life prior to the awakening of his reason is that he lives in order to eat, drink, sleep, make merry, and generally speaking, in order to enjoy all those animal enjoyments which life can give. But the man has just to look round and to ponder as to what awaits him in order to become convinced that that carnal happiness cannot be the purpose of life, because such happiness is impossible for a being doomed to struggle with all kinds of misery, disease and the inevitable death. What happiness can there be in a life which inevitably leads to weakness, old age, death? Therefore neither enjoyment, nor the perfection of one's abilities, nor the performance

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of some great deed, nor coöperation for the common good, can be the meaning of life. All this could be possible if there were no universe endless in Time and Space, and no death. There can be no sense in human affairs as long as the limitation and brevity of my life in the endlessness of the universe in Time and Space obtain. Why should a man trouble about the perfection of life when his whole life is an imperceptible dot in an endless world, and when the very life is an instant between two eternities? And why should one trouble to improve the life of other people if he will for certain die and never see either this better life or gratitude for what he has done for them? And those to whom he did good will also disappear without leaving a trace behind.

So that the answers to my questions, if I ask them in earnest and reply to them in earnest, will be as follows:

1. The answer to the first question "What *I* am," is that I am something which apparently began not long ago, something temporal, something decaying and which will soon be quite destroyed; at the same time it is something that unmistakably exists, it is something without which nothing would exist, and hence it follows that I do not know what *I* am, and at the same time that is what I undoubtedly know and better than anything else.

2. The answer to the second question, "What is that world in which I find myself," is: something that is void of sense in its endlessness in Time and Space, something that must have begun in Time, at some period, and will terminate some time, and at the same time could never have commenced and never will end, and also end somewhere as to Space and can end nowhere. In short, it is something void of sense or unintelligible to me; *i. e.* I do not know at all what the world is, although I am surrounded by it, live in it and must act in it. That is in reply to the second question.

3. To the third question, "What should I do," the answer is that everything that I wish to do for the welfare of that being whom I regard as myself and who has begun in this work, and will have to come to an end in it—that all this is vain and has no meaning. As for that being which never began and always exists, and is not one and the same as my body with which it is

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coupled—that being needs nothing. So that my life has no meaning and can have none for me—for that which I regard as my *ego;* it can also have no meaning for that universe in which I live. I need do nothing either for myself, or for the world, and it is impossible to do something useful.

For, if one only forgets one's calling of tsar, workman, judge, manufacturer, professor, savant, artist, member of a family, and remembers only one thing—that one is a man who has recently appeared in this world which is incomprehensible to him and who will have to leave it shortly: there is no rational aim in this life, and it is not worth while doing anything. Everything is petty, unnecessary, everything that one may do will be purposeless, but at the same time it is necessary to do something as long as one is alive. Man's activity during his life in this world resembles a horse on a treadmill. The horse cannot help going and thus setting the wheel in motion. Man cannot help doing something and by that activity participates in the progress of the whole world. So that in spite of life's being purposeless for me, for man and for the whole world—look at it as I may—I am compelled to act. Some power has put me in such a position that I must act not for myself and not for the world, but for something incomprehensible. The essence of every true religion lies in this conception.

This conception tells me that there is some power who has sent me into the world. In this lies the essence of true religion. And this acknowledgment of the power which sent me into the world and which is called God disentangles the whole thing and gives sense to human life. My life *per se* is incomprehensible to me, just as incomprehensible as the purpose of the universe. But I must live and act in accordance with the will of some higher power. If my life is unintelligible to me, and all the aims which I have set for myself and the universe are meaningless, then my life and that of the universe in which I live cannot and must not be meaningless for that higher power which sent me—a riddle to myself—into the world, and guides the life of the world which is incomprehensible to me.

As soon as one acknowledges that higher power, everything becomes clear: the final purposes of my life and that of the world

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are concealed from me, are inconceivable to me (they cannot be grasped by a limited being). I and the whole universe are the instruments for the attainment of ends unintelligible to me. And the sense of my life lies no longer in the final aims intelligible to me, but in the fulfillment of that aim which is unknown to me for which alone I exist: the acknowledgment of this higher power and serving it; the belief in God and the fulfilment of His will.

II

Wherein lies the fulfilment of God's will? We are taught that God revealed Himself to mankind either through Moses, Christ or Buddha.

God never revealed His will all at once, nor His law to some individual or an assemblage of men. God always reveals Himself to those who seek Him. He reveals Himself to every man in his heart. Every man feels God in himself, that source of life which is not body, but lives in man's body and has no weight, measurement, color, taste, smell; it never commenced and will never end. This source of life in man is limited by his body and is only a part of the Whole. The Whole—that is God. Man feels in himself a part of this Whole and therefore knows God, cannot fail to know Him.

If he knows God, he also knows His laws. The law of God is not written in any book, but in actual life, in the fate of man. It seems to people that they do not know the law of God, or make a mistake as to this knowledge of the law of God (some look upon one thing as the law of God, others upon something else) because they shut their eyes to their condition, do not want to see it or do not want to see it as it is. If a man comes to a railway station, and having noticed a carriage enters it, then, having imagined that it is his home, if he starts to make arrangements for a comfortable life in it, intending to spend his life in it, he will no doubt be surprised and grieved when the carriage starts to move and stops at the next station, where he will be told to get out, with all his belongings and contrivances. The man could have foreseen and known that the carriage was not a home,

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but only a means of transit, and that he must accept certain conditions when being transported: to pay his fare and to observe the rules and regulations of the Railway Company. The majority of people do not understand their position in life or have an entirely false notion of it. The crux of the question lies in the people not understanding their position in life.

There is a parable in the Gospels in which it is related that "There was a man that was a householder which planted a vineyard, and set a hedge about it, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen" on condition that they would let him have the fruits of the garden. The husbandmen being in possession of the vineyard imagined that it was their property, and that they were under no obligation to anyone; they drove out and even killed a servant whom the lord had sent after the fruit. When the lord learned that, he drove out the husbandmen. So that the husbandmen spoilt their life because they did not understand their position.

The same is true of others. It is not an outsider but they themselves who ruin their life. Only a clear conception of their position in life reveals the law of God to men. A man may say that he does not know God, but cannot say that he does not know the law of God, because the law of God guides his life, as it guides the life of every living thing; and even if man's mind does not know this law he cannot help feeling it.

III

Everybody wants to live joyfully, in love and harmony; not to be ill, not to suffer, not to die: whereas all live in separation, in enmity with each other; they all ail, suffer and die. Why? Why did God create men in such a way that they all wish for good and all suffer? Why is that so?

Christ's teaching gives a reply to it: Christ said that He pitied people because they were worn out and disunited like sheep without a shepherd; he calls them all to Himself and promises happiness to them all. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my

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yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Christ tells people that they feel miserable because they do not understand their position, because they imagine that which is not, forget who they are. He tells them that their life would not be a misery to them, but a joy, if they understood and remembered their position.

This is repeated in the Gospels many times and expressed with especial clearness in the parable of the husbandmen in the vineyard: a lord has planted a vineyard, arranged everything in it (the world is the vineyard, God—the master) and given it up to the husbandmen on condition that they work it and give him the fruits. But the husbandmen have forgotten that the vineyard does not belong to them and that they can use the fruits of the garden only on condition that they let the lord have what is due to him. When the lord asked for the fruits of the vineyard the husbandmen did not give him the fruits but drove out his servants. The master then drove them out and they became miserable.

People become just as miserable if they imagine that life is their property and that everyone can do with it what he likes, without fulfilling the wishes of God who gave one life.

Talents, just like life, are given to be worked with. Who does not work in life loses all that the Master gave; he who works for God gets more and more.

The same is related in the parable of the steward whom the lord left in his house. The steward instead of looking after his master's house began to make merry and to spend his master's wealth on himself. The lord punished him and drove him out.

In these parables it is shown that a man should make no mistake as to who he is; in the parable about the servant who returned from the field it is shown as to how a man should understand his position in the world.

"Who is there of you," it is said in this parable, "having a servant ploughing or keeping sheep, that will say unto him, when he is come in from the field, 'Come straightway and sit down to meat,' and will not rather say unto him, 'make ready where-

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with I may sup, and gird thyself and serve me till I have eaten and drunken and afterwards thou shalt eat and drink?' "

Doth he thank the servant because he did the things that were commanded?

" Even so ye also, when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do " (Luke XVII, 7-10).

The whole teaching of Christ consists in a man's understanding his position.

If a man does not understand it, whatever he might do to build up his happiness, it cannot fare well with him, the same as it cannot fare well with a worker who has not observed the conditions under which he was hired.

Only when a man understands his position, understands that he is not the master of his life but a servant and son of God, and therefore must fulfil his obligations before God, will he fare well even in this life.

The same is also expressed in the words of the Gospel: Seek ye the kingdom of God and His truth (*i. e.* what God wishes) and these things shall be added unto you (all that is needed by men for their welfare, all that will be received by them).

In order that man may obtain that bliss which is possible for him, it is necessary that he should not deceive himself, but understand his position.

What is the real position of man in the world, and wherein lies the deception which makes man miserable?

The deception lies therein that people forget about death, that they do not live in this world but simply pass through it. Children and adults are often under this delusion. Adults seldom think about death; they live as if death did not exist, as if they were certain that they would live for ever.

The only meaning which a man who does not forget his mortality can ascribe to life, is that he is not an independent being, but an instrument of the will of God. In accordance with God's will he came into this world with its endlessness in Time and Space, must stay in it a definite period and then disappear for ever. If that is the case, it is obvious that it is madness to live for the sake of making arrangements for one's life and that

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there is sense only in one thing: in fulfilling His will who sent me into this world for the purposes of this will. What is the aim? I cannot know the final aim because it disappears from my view in eternity, but I can know the means of attaining it. The means of attaining it consists in that striving after what is good which forms the essence of my life, not my personal well-being, but that of the whole world. The aim which is intelligible to me is the well-being of the whole world; my striving after what is good is only an indication of that which I should seek for the whole world.

So that a clear understanding of man's position in the world reveals to him the true faith in God and His law. From this acceptance of one's position naturally follow obedience to God's will, the belief that all men are equal, love and service toward them, and the fundamental law of life: doing to others as you want others to do unto you.

The law of God following from the understanding of one's position lies in obedience to God's will, in love and service toward one's neighbor. That is the basis of every creed. It does not mean that there may not be many other religious rules which define the application of this law to varied cases in life. There are such rules in the Vedas, in Buddhism, in ancient Hebrew books, in the Gospels and in all the later moral teachings. Such are the commandments of Moses, not all, but the commandments: Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery. Such are the commandments of Manu: Do not lie, do not besot yourself with drink. Such are the commandments of Buddhism about being merciful to animals; such are the five great commandments of Christ which embrace the whole life of man: 1. Do not be angry. 2. Do not give yourself up to lust. 3. Do not swear. 4. Do not commit violence. 5. Love your enemies.

There may be many cases (constantly increasing, according to the circumstances) for the application of the commandments flowing from the fundamental law of obedience to God's will and love for one's neighbor. He who has understood his condition and accepted the fundamental law resulting from this condition, holds the key to the religious truth, and from this basis will evolve for himself the rules—commandments—needed by him in life.

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The chief thing is that one should not deceive oneself but know one's position in the universe. If one knows, understands this position, knows that it is impossible to live for one's own well-being, that life is life; when one understands that it is given one by God for serving Him, that one is a servant, a slave, an instrument of God, as well as His son—life ceases to be void of sense, ceases to be one long suffering, but becomes that which is good for oneself and for the whole world. Everything lies in this acceptance of one's position. From it flow obedience to God's will, the belief in equality, brotherhood and love for one's neighbor, service to him, mutual help, and joy.

If people could only understand that the meaning of their life lies in serving God, the joy and bliss of the coming Kingdom of God would supersede the horror and sufferings of men of our time. That people would have ceased to err and have understood their real position would be the cause of it.

Brothers and sisters, think of it for the sake of your life (you know that there is nothing more important), make a halt in your life. Think of what you are, where you are and what awaits you. There is only one life that we know. Why should we ruin it? Understand that all you consider important: pleasures, joys, riches, fatherland, conventions, habits, fame, is nothing in comparison with the chief and real meaning of life—the fulfilment of God's will. Change your life not because somebody bids you to do so, but because your own well-being and that of the universe depend upon it.

Do not believe those who will tell you that it is impossible, that people are incorrigible because they have fallen, nor believe those worse deceivers who will tell you that it is impossible and that people change and improve their life according to historical and sociological laws which they know or are investigating. Believe neither the ones nor the others, but live by the full force of your life and reason, and leave the rest to God.

I lived a bad insane life as everybody else, but the truth revealed itself to me nearly thirty years ago, and since then my life has been different—calm, happy, joyful; and it becomes better the nearer I approach death.

And believe me that the same will happen to you. It cannot

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fail to be so, because it is only difficult to live contrary to the law of life, the law of God. Life in harmony with it is a perpetual joy until the moment death comes, and in death itself, as He desires it to be. Death is terrible only to him who does not believe in God or believes in an evil God, which is the same thing. For him who believes in God and in His benevolence, who lives in accordance with His law in this life, who has experienced His benevolence—death for him is only a transition from one state (found by him to be a blissful state) defined by God, into another state, unknown but also defined by Him, and certain to be one of bliss.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THERE is probably a good deal of truth in the suggestion that many people still confuse an arbitration treaty with an alliance. It is difficult otherwise to understand the impression among the ill-informed that an agreement between three nations to compose by reasonable methods any differences that may arise, can possibly be directed against a fourth nation —which would be welcomed without reservation into a similar compact. Of course, one cannot take seriously the contention that the treaties would be "breeders of war": for in that case the clamant militant party would not be so hysterically attacking them. It is because they fear that the agreements would be enduringly effective, and would minimise the risks of war, that the reactionaries are trying to reverse the course of the world's progress.

* * *

PREPARATION for resistance to the Home Rule Bill is growing in England: the chief ground of opposition will be based on the reluctance of Ulster to accept the control of an Irish Parliament. The Government which carried the Old Age Pensions Bill, reduced the House of Lords to comparative insignificance, and passed the Insurance Bill in the face of wide and determined opposition, is evidently strong enough—though it is now being criticised by its own supporters—to fulfil its pledges to the Irish Party in the face of all legitimate opposition. But there is increasing evidence that the antagonism of Ulster will be exploited to its fullest extent. An attempt will be made to wreck or stultify the Bill by restricting its scope to the South of Ireland, and by encouraging the irreconcilable attitude of Ulstermen to the point of open defiance. The fight will be waged bitterly. It is a pity that wiser counsels could not prevail, and the return to self-government be made under fair conditions—not with the drastic limitations which would make success difficult, and so apparently justify the ominous predictions of the Unionists.

* * *

IT is a long way back now to the peace meeting in Carnegie

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Hall that was so curiously and significantly interrupted. But the passage of time only deepens the interest and accentuates the lessons; there have been sidelights in the daily papers, ingenuous disavowals or affirmations on the part of the "hyphenated" element, with disingenuous and ignoble expressions of "conviction" on the part of those who are weighing the political possibilities of the vote of the ignorant and prejudiced. But the first requisite in any review of the occurrence is the clear recognition of one fact: the right of protest. The meeting was convened in support of a splendid principle, that no educated man who is not hopelessly out of touch with the modern spirit could dissent from. An opportunity was given to the citizens of New York to express what was expected to be their unanimous and enthusiastic adherence; and this expression would have been used as a valued aid in the furtherance of the movement. It is obvious, therefore, that those who did not agree with the proposed resolution had the right to make their protest and prevent the resolution from being recorded as unanimously adopted—the complete and undoubted expression of the sentiments of a vast representative assembly. But here, with the utterance of their ill-considered protest, the privileges of the malcontents ceased, emphatically. To prevent further speaking, to throw the meeting into disorder, was a gross violation of the right of public speech, and a significant indication of the class responsible for the demonstration. The exhibition of vulgar rowdyism which they chose to give did more than a hundred speeches for the cause of peace. It is to such men that Colonel Roosevelt would entrust the "honor of the nation," in preference to those who have passed beyond the appeal of clamor and blind prejudice, and proved their right to the confidence of their country. For the numerically trivial minority of those who argue with insults and substitute catcalls for common sense, is always prominently to the front whenever there is any possibility of the mob-spirit being excited to stupid excesses.

In one very real sense the resolution proposed by President Butler was unanimously endorsed: every man and every woman with the spirit and the ideals of an American voted for it. Only the aliens—aliens in thought and habit, if not technically in

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name—protested. They have come to this country with the unfortunate prejudices of the old world and its feuds; and they place their private vendettas, hatreds and jealousies before the welfare of the nation into which they claim to be received. It was with no thought for American honor, American prestige, and the vindication of American ideals, that they shouted down the men whose advocacy of justice and freedom was so repugnant to them: it was because their hearts and their hopes are still involved in the ashes of European quarrels, which they would fain fan into the red flames of war. They have no place in this country, which is awakening more and more fully to its magnificent destiny. They are aliens. Let them take their animosities to their own countries, and come back here only when they have begun to realize what American citizenship means.

* * *

WHILE recognizing Mr. Shuster's ability and sincerity, the American public will regret that he should have provided, with excellent intentions but without political prescience, a sufficient pretext for the active intrusion of Russia in Persian affairs. Of course, our Government could not intervene in support of Mr. Shuster, who was a private individual in the Persian service. The State Department was in no way responsible for his appointment or for his actions. What seemed a happy selection for Persia has been turned into a source of serious trouble. So good intentions go astray. It is so easy to do the right thing at the wrong moment, or the wrong thing at any time. Diplomacy in the East is a subtle game of chess up to a certain point: then the knights become Cossacks, and the squares are town squares, with men hanging on scaffolds to enforce Russian views and illustrate Russian methods. The skill that can reorganize the finances of a country and turn bankruptcy into prosperity, is not always equal to maintaining a country to enjoy its prosperity. Partition may be avoided: but it is a possibility of the near future. Russia is not likely to waste a very valuable pretext.

* * *

SYMPATHY is due to Mr. Murphy for his failure to rush the

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Tammany Building Code through the New York Board of Aldermen before the powers of the Board passed to less friendly hands. It must be very discouraging to an unselfish public worker to receive these rude rebuffs. Mr. Murphy has the welfare of his chosen city most deeply at heart. He has not been elected by the people to any office of dignity or authority: yet freely and ungrudgingly he gives his time, his energy and his intellectual powers to the work of assisting the administration. Very little escapes his oversight: he keeps a watchful eye on all branches of the public service, and his influence is invariably exerted on the side of progress, purity and efficiency. His solicitude is indeed abnormal, and it is quite time that the people should recognize his long devotion to a thankless and unremunerative task and insist that he retire at last from his gratuitous labors and enjoy well-deserved repose.

* * *

In a recent interview, Professor Hans Delbrück, the eminent German publicist, gave his views with regard to the Anglo-German situation. He considered the position grave and attributed to England a policy of persistent antagonism. "We now know that Britain deliberately planned to fall upon us without formal declaration of war last summer." This is an example of the deplorable impressions that are given currency and credit. Of course, Great Britain had no idea of the kind: she was busily employed in conjuring up similar nightmares with regard to Germany's aggressive designs. So each nation, in all good faith, has magnified trifles into threats, molehills into mountains; and the result is a state of mutual distrust which will very possibly produce its own justification, if common sense—or a sense of humor—does not succeed in reducing the magnified differences to their proper proportions. In the meantime the game of noughts and crosses goes merrily on; and, as Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg publicly announced, there are indelible scratches on the slate. All this is very sinister, and very silly. It would be quite easy to throw the old slate away, and start again with a perfectly clean one. Slates are cheaper than Dreadnoughts—even when Foreign Secretaries and Chancellors do the writing, with the hardest of hard pencils.

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THE world is naturally interested in the developments in China, and Russia and Japan are of course exceedingly interested. The emergence of a reorganized China, powerful, progressive, with an army modelled on Western methods and with the nucleus of an effective navy, would scarcely be pleasing to either of those Powers. Japan cannot be expected to be altruistic enough to consider such a consummation desirable, while Russia could doubtless find what she believes to be excellent uses for Mongolia. Yet, after all, why should not Japan be altruistic enough to encourage her neighbor to reach a position of dignity and security? Is there really anything in the constitution of the world which makes it necessary for the strong to be predatory and selfish, avowedly or secretly, and for the weak to be duly abject, and grateful for whatever kicks may be administered? Is the see-saw principle—one up, the other down—entirely satisfactory as an aid to progress? Are the virtues which are extolled as so desirable in individuals, quite incongruous in nations? Or must there be always the schemer behind the statesman, the plunderer behind the patriot?

* * *

ONE of the grounds of opposition to J. M. Synge's plays has been that the language attributed to his characters is certainly not Irish as it may be heard in Ireland, whether or not it may be poetical or expressive. Synge's own statement, in his preface to *The Playboy,* should throw some light on the question. He says: "I have used one or two words only that I have not heard among the country people of Ireland, or spoken in my own nursery before I could read the newspapers. A certain number of the phrases I employ I have heard also from herds or fishermen along the coast from Kerry to Mayo, or from beggar-women and ballad-singers nearer Dublin; and I am glad to acknowledge how much I owe to the folk-imagination of these fine people. Anyone who has lived in real intimacy with the Irish peasantry will know that the wildest sayings and ideas in the plays are tame indeed, compared with the fancies one may hear in any little hillside cabin in Geesala, or Carraroe, or Dingle Bay."

* * *

WILL good come out of the unhappy McNamara business,

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or will Labor and Capital go their own way, as before, each fighting for its own hand, each indifferent to the larger obligations? There has been some sentimental sympathy wasted over the McNamaras. They regarded themselves as fighters in a good cause, and presumably considered that the end justified the means. Yet why should they, so careless of the lives of their fellow-men, be so careful of their own? There is more of the stuff of heroism in a single average Russian Nihilist than in all the McNamara genus massed together. To make heroes or marytrs of them is absurd. They were well paid for their work. They fought for one section of society against another, not for humanity or for noble principles. They represented tyranny as surely and as fatally as any conscienceless capitalist of the old or the new days. And the Union officials cannot clear themselves from the charge of complicity. Whether they knew and approved what was being done, or merely guessed, or did not trouble their imaginations to account for the series of outrages, they controlled the organizations that provided the funds, and they should have known how those funds were spent. They are either criminal or incompetent: and these are not the leaders for Labor. Bigger men are wanted; men who will give, not take; men who can see the inevitable end of violence and class-wars, and the essential narrowness of trade-unionism, or money-unionism, or any other form of monopoly-protection. But profession and practice are rarely good friends, and the millennium is not the Twentieth Century, Limited.

* * *

THE restoration of the post canteen to the army is not one of the most important questions of the day; but the action of Drs. S. Weir Mitchell, William Mayo, Robert Abbe, Simon Flexner, John A. Wyeth and two hundred and seventy other physicians in presenting a petition to Congress, is certainly a notable and encouraging event. It is important not merely because it represents to some degree concerted action on the part of the medical profession, but because of its recognition of the fact that the diseases which accompany dissipation and immorality should no longer be glossed over or discussed with euphemisms. They are facts which demand attention, not only on

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the part of experts, but on the part of society collectively and individually. Whether the post canteen encourages drinking or not, is an arguable point: but there can be no argument about the undesirable conditions which accompany drinking in the "dives" which too often serve as substitutes for the canteens.

* * *

THERE is a pleasant timeliness attaching to the article on August Strindberg contributed to this number by Edwin Björkman. Only a few days ago, on January 22, the great Swedish dramatist and thinker completed his sixty-third year, which, like the ancient Greeks (who named it "the great climacteric"), he regards as the exit from manhood to old age. In Sweden his birthday anniversary was observed as a national event, a fund raised by national subscription being presented to him. About the same time it was announced that arrangements had at last been finished for the speedy publication of an authoritative edition of his collected works in Swedish. It is generally understood that the sum to be paid the author for the literary rights of this undertaking was 200,000 kronor, or about $55,000—which is a good deal for a country like Sweden.

* * *

THE termination of our treaty with Russia was necessary; but it was not necessary to make the notification with rancor or petulance, and the President acted wisely and with dignity in avoiding useless recriminations. The abrogation of the treaty is notable as an affirmation of principle; it is an announcement that American citizenship is not a vain possession, a mere matter of words and formalities. But it is difficult to follow the reasoning of those who, under some obsession which suggests insularity and not Americanism, argue that "this case furnishes a concrete illustration of the truth that a truly universal treaty of arbitration is impossible. . . . Whether the United States shall make distinctions between its citizens on the ground of race, class, or religion, or carry on foreign relations so as practically to make such distinctions, is not a question which it can leave other nations to decide for it. This question it must decide for itself." Of course, arbitration does not imply in the slightest degree that the policy or destiny of the United States

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would be dictated by any other nation. All that would happen under a scheme of arbitration, if a disagreement could not be composed by diplomatic methods, would be that in place of a possible open quarrel, the dispute would be referred to a committee of distinguished nationals of both countries, who would decide whether it should or should not be submitted to arbitration. But no tenable view of the scope of arbitration would prevent a nation from declining to renew a commercial or other treaty which it considered inimical to its interests. A country can never forfeit the right of self-protection: it can merely renounce, willingly, the antiquated privilege of provocation. Arbitration is intended to fill the breach when the ordinary resources of diplomacy have failed. It is not proposed as a general method of regulating every detail of departmental routine, or controlling all normal administrative measures. So much nonsense is being written on the subject that the object of the propaganda is evident. Could there be a more delightful instance of placing the cart before the horse than in the assertion "It is arrant hypocrisy for this nation to support the unamended arbitration treaties at the same time that we abrogate the Russian treaty"? It has always been a favorite method of the insincere to brand with "hypocrisy" those who place principles before self-interest. The whole "argument" is worthy of the type of mind which assumes as a matter of course that at the first prospect of not having our own way we, as a nation, shall "fail to live up to our promises." Why should we fail to live up to our promises, any more than any other nation? It is time that we repudiated once for all this small-boy attitude and small-boy outlook. The general press, which has often been attacked as not realizing its responsibilities and justifying its influence, has behaved magnificently with regard to this question. It has represented in the truest way the general public, which does not often see idealism expressed in such terms of practical common sense. Neither the press nor the public will allow so great an advance to be nullified by ignorance, or those who play upon ignorance for their own profit. There is a definite issue—progress or reaction. The decision must be given by those who realize the responsibility, not by those who fail to comprehend, or who wilfully distort.

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